

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT and the THIRD-TERM DICTATORSHIP

BY SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

OCT. 7,
1939

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**AN UMPIRE LOOKS AT THE
WORLD SERIES** by Bill McGowan

**NINE YEARS AFTER THE CHAIN
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The Hollywood Way



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This, Miss and Mrs. America, means that Tomboy fashions are out and a new era of lovely figures is here. Now, more than ever before, your figure should be graceful, romantic, alluring.

Your favorite Hollywood screen star

Streamline your Figure

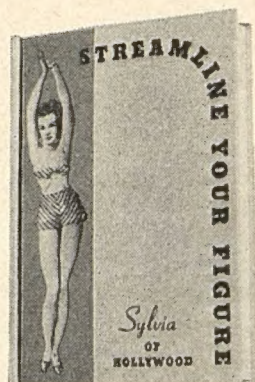
BY SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD

will be glamorous in her frills and bustles. Naturally, her figure will be most alluring in these fashionable new gowns. But you need not envy these perfect figures of the Hollywood stars—for you, too, can have a glamorous figure! Yes, you can, by following Sylvia of Hollywood's suggestions as contained in her new book, *Streamline Your Figure*, acquire a lovely Hollywood figure and wear the Fall's latest creations with the utmost of charm.

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Send me, postage prepaid, the book *Streamline Your Figure*
by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose \$1.00.

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You can trip her up on "Mississippi"— but she'll give you pointers on Gum Massage!



**Here's one important thing
she's learned: Ipana and Massage
helps keep gums firm...
teeth sound...smiles brighter!**

SPELLING is important, and Joan will master "Mississippi" yet! However, she has already learned some valuable things in school that Dad and Mother haven't learned, even *today*.

For many modern youngsters are being taught, in their classrooms, that it's just as important to care for gums as to care for teeth. They know, too, all about ignor-

ing the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Joan is only one of the thousands of lucky children who have learned that many gum troubles can come from our soft and well-cooked foods. Lack of the hard, natural chewing exercise they need tends to make gums grow tender. And once your gums get that way—watch out for the warning flash of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*. Quite often his verdict will simply be "another case of lazy gums—gums deprived of ex-

ercise by our modern, soft foods." And, very likely, he'll recommend more vigorous workouts for your gums. And, as so many dentists do, he may advise the "stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier.

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Keep your Smile Brighter with Ipana and Massage!



Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush

DOUBLE DUTY

—The brush with the TWISTED HANDLE (see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.

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THE HORDES OF HELL NOW ON A RAMPAGE



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Another World War appears to be with us. All the savagery of human nature will be in the foreground in this terrific contest. Here men fight with each other with all the brutality and fierceness that we see in the jungle. There the tigers roam, searching for food; but they kill for a definite purpose . . . they are sometimes famished.

But the horror that comes from man-made war is founded on artificially nurtured hatred.

Hitler wants to control the land that Germany once called her own. He wants the colonies they lost, and if they are not forthcoming, he proposes to take them by force.

And now the great German war machine is launched against Poland. Women and children, babes in arms are blown to bits with huge death-dealing bombs that come from the sky and explode with a thunderous roar.

War is hell . . . we have heard so often. It is always relentless, cruel beyond description. It loosens the ferocity that psychologists say is hidden in every human soul. A good soldier must smother his human instincts, destroy his sympathy, shatter into smithereens his conscience . . . he must become a lustful killer at all times crying for blood . . . red blood.

We all recognize the ruthless character of the German dictator. He appears to have but one idea, and that is to make Germany the dominating force of the world. He is imbued with the Napoleonic complex. His promises are meaningless, as was indicated in the rape of Czechoslovakia. Like a tiger, he lurks within the shadow of his great war machine, ready to pounce upon the weaker nations that lie in his path.

Notwithstanding his ruthless character, some have credited him with intelligence. It has been claimed he bluffed his way into Austria, and some say he won out in Czechoslovakia with the same characteristics.

But he was doubtless amazed when his bluff was called in Poland.

The citizens of Poland will be tortured and killed by air raids such as those that slaughtered the Chinese and the Spaniards by the thousands. Helpless victims of war's most ferocious weapon.

When Hitler joined with Communistic Russia, he was credited with that kind of intelligence that guides a conscienceless monster, and many believed that in Poland he would carry his bluffing tactics up to the limit and finally take all he could get without open warfare.

But they were mistaken . . . war was started in Poland. The bloody massacre of innocent noncombatants, the clashing of soldiers in battle, are now a reality.

England and France promised to help Poland fight the giant that attacked her, and if these countries protect Poland as planned, it will be difficult for many other nations to remain neutral.

Has Germany a secret arrangement with Russia? is a question that many will ask at the present time. They could undoubtedly divide Poland between them if such is their desire.

Let us hope and pray that we can avoid this maniacal vortex of wholesale murder. But our sympathy will naturally go out to those whose land has been invaded. We will want to help them, financially and otherwise.

If any of our citizens insist on getting into this murderous fray, they can volunteer in some foreign country; but we must determine with all the force at our command to keep our soldiers in our own country.

The last war cost us billions in money and hundreds of thousands of good American lives—far more through disease due to hardship, devitalizing foods, and unsanitary camps than through the wounds in battle.

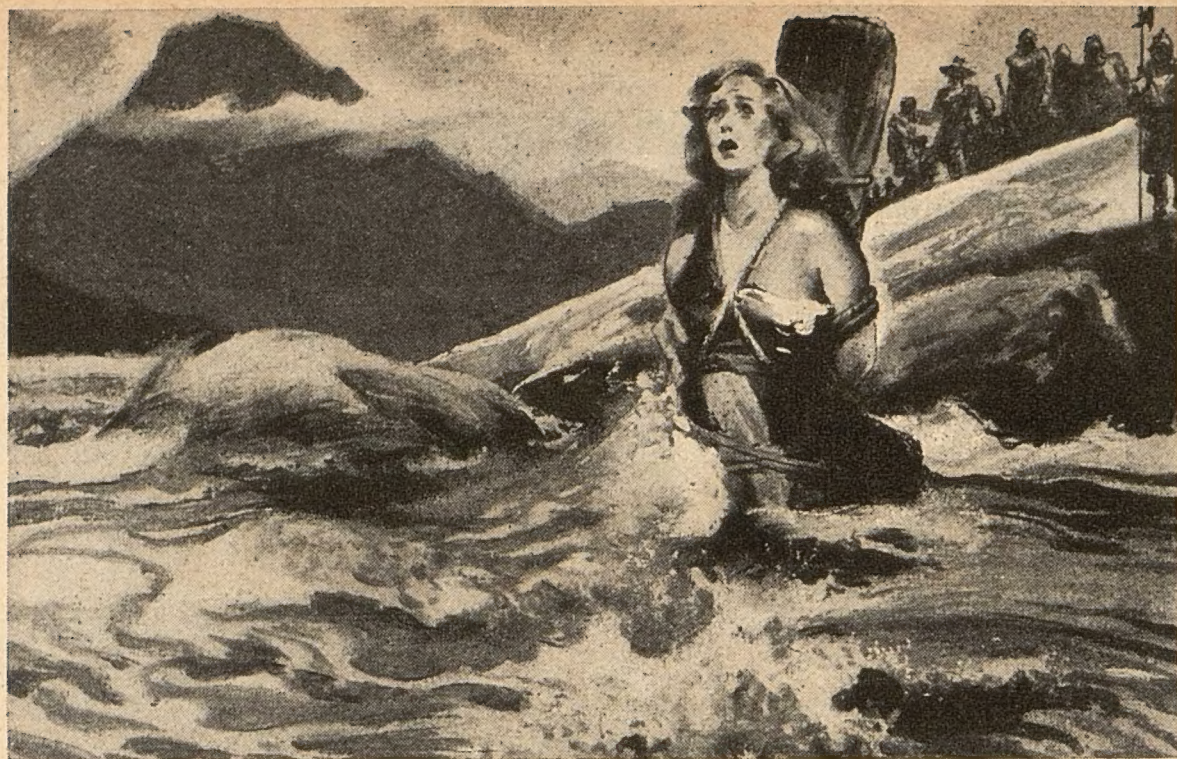
We had a slogan—To Save Democracy—it makes us laugh when we think of it. But, like the hungry man who asked for bread and received a stone, we were rewarded in a similar fashion.

First, last, and all the time, let us hold to one thought . . . stay out of a European war.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, \$2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year. In all other countries, \$4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Copyright, 1939, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



As the river creeps up to her bosom, Margaret Wilson sings the Twenty-fifth Psalm.

carried out. As the river creeps up to her bosom, Margaret Wilson sings the Twenty-fifth Psalm. The waters reach her throat. Again the judges ask her will she abjure her Presbyterian God and take oath of allegiance to the king and the king's God. Her voice stays firm. "Think you that I am the sufferer?" she answers. "No; it is the Christ in me that suffers—for *He* sends to no one a warfare on *His* faith!"

Then she begins to pray. And even as her lips open, the water surges in them. But before she is quite dead they pull her up and hold her out of the water—and ask her again to take the oath. Faintly she replies: "I will not. I am one of Christ's children." And one of the soldiers thrusts out his halberd and shoves her under the water. And so Margaret Wilson, virgin martyr, eighteen years old, dies because people have differing ideas of how God must be worshiped.

One hundred and seventy-eight years later to the very day, on the 11th of May in the year 1863, was born the second Margaret Wilson, who could trace her forebears directly back to the family of the first Margaret, whose relatives had brought her name to the United States, to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1730.

The second Margaret died in 1937, not of drowning but peacefully in her bed. The second Margaret Wilson, like the first, was christened a Presbyterian, but she married an Episcopalian—and no one thought anything of it. She bore two children who have chosen their own words of worship. One married a Catholic. A beloved niece was wed to a Jew, and naught was thought of it! Her grandchildren, now in their teens, will choose their own thoughts of God. And there is no one to say, "Bow down and worship *my* God in *my* way—or worship no god at all if I forbid you!"

No; there was never fear of such in the second Margaret Wilson, no more than there was any dread that some one might say, "Off with her head," without trial or rhyme or reason. For the laws of barbarism for man as well as for God have vanished from these blessed United States of America—as has vanished, save in memory, the eighteen-year-old girl who was drowned.

The years that separate the two Margarets are years of progress of mankind; and progress mankind must—as he always has, or he would still be a wild animal.

It would be well if all men could look on the monument to the first Margaret Wilson in Glenvernoch, in the Parish of Penningham, in the Shire of Wigton, in the land of Auld Lang Syne.

How did I come upon this story?

Well, the second Margaret Wilson was my mother.

THE END

YESTERDAYS!

A Story of Two Margarets

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THIS is the story of two women, both named Margaret. The first is Margaret Wilson of Glenvernoch in the Shire of Wigton in Scotland. On the 11th of May, 1685, a little group of spectators stand on the banks of the Bladnoch River, awed and staring behind the soldiers who hold them back. For there is a stake driven in the Bladnoch river bed, and roped to it is a young girl — Margaret Wilson, eighteen years old. The incoming tide is rising mercilessly about her feet, for she is being drowned by order of a court.

And what heinous crime has Margaret Wilson committed, that this inhuman end be her fit and just punishment?

Behind that is a long and bloody tale. For there is war between England and Scotland—ceaseless, passionate war that has deeper roots than questions of kings and politics.

Far deeper in the lush soil of the lowlands, far deeper in the rocky stretches of the Highlands, are the tendrils of the Presbyterian faith. And striking blood from these tenets of Scottish religion are the Episcopalian sword and halberd of the English. Even King James II, a Scotsman, himself a Stuart, is fiercely determined to wipe out of Scotland the worship of God according to Calvin. And equally determined are the Scots

A graphic token of how far this world of ours has come in tolerance

BY CAREY WILSON

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Screen Commentator

to resist the imposition of Episcopalian doctrines. Scottish ministers by the thousands have resigned their churches rather than revise their sermons, have fled into the heather, are being hunted down by English troops like mad dogs.

But the stubborn God-fearing Scots still hold services in any dark shadow where they can secretly meet with a man of their God.

The soldiers of the king scour the land with fire and sword seeking out these rebels. Men and women and children flee their homes for the hills, the bogs, and the caves.

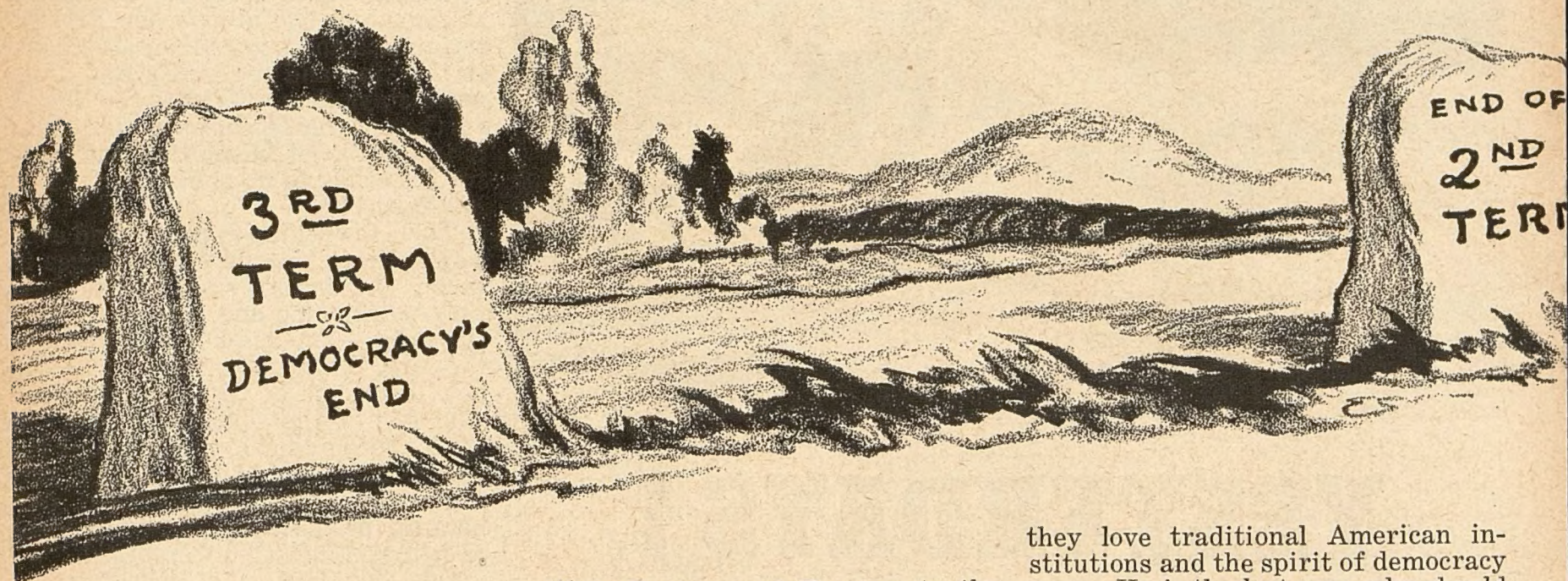
Among such fugitives was Margaret Wilson, eighteen years old, and successfully a fugitive until she returned to Wigton secretly to visit some of her suffering friends. Now, there was one of these, by name Patrick Stuart, who was *not* a friend—and he betrayed her, summoning the soldiers who seized her.

And so Margaret Wilson was imprisoned in the Thieves Hall, with no fire to warm her, with no bed to lie on, and with very, very little to eat.

And as she steadfastly refused to take the oaths, she was brought to trial, and the judges pronounced her sentence that she be fastened to a stake within the high-tide mark, to be drowned.

And so the barbarous sentence is

Mr. ROOSEVELT and the THIRD-TERM DICTATORSHIP



READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ONE term? Two terms? Three terms?
How long should a President sit in the White House?

That is a burning question these days—and the chief reason it burns so hotly at the moment is the cryptic silence of one Franklin Delano Roosevelt regarding his intentions. One hundred and fifty years ago the world was full of kings—and we didn't like 'em. Today the world is full of dictators—and we don't like 'em. So we simply run true to form when we are critical of self-perpetuating Chief Executives. They just don't fit our pattern of democracy—and democracy is particularly sensitive to its hazards in this era of personal government all round the globe, not excluding Washington, D. C.

So the folks are talking it over and disagreeing on the subject—just as they talked and disagreed in the Constitutional Convention, just as they have talked and disagreed periodically in the story of the nation whenever an extended lease on 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue has been proposed. But thus far they have never concluded that any one man is more indispensable to the Republic than was George Washington when he was fathering his country.

Once renewed, however, the debate never stops with a clinic which is content to take apart the particular ego of the moment. It promptly leaps from the specific to the general theme—from the contemporary “man on horseback” to all men and all horses—and it always periodically proposes to save future generations from recurrent menace with “a law” which shall stop all future Caesars from even flirting with an American crown, or its equivalent.

With Nazism and Fascism to the right of us, and Communism to the left, and with “government by Executive decree” in possession of our own Capitol, it is small wonder that the present generation plunges into the debate with poignant avidity. Yes; and it ought to “plunge,” because the White House tenure is inseparably linked with the maintenance of our republican institutions.

If a President, with all his normal power, ever gets the extraordinary power which will attach to him when he has once successfully crossed the traditional barrier against a third term, a fourth term and a fifth, and more, will be progressively and relatively simple achievements. The imperial state of mind which leads him to attribute indispensability to himself at the third hurdle will fatten to a conviction as to his own divinity at the fourth and fifth. Meanwhile his royal retinue—each knowing exactly what he wants—will beat the drums. But they will be the drums of doom for American democracy; because a perpetuated President, no matter how nobly meditated his imperial self-sacrifice, will be a despot in the making.

And you can't blame the despot. Any time 130,000,000 people tell one mortal man that they can no longer find another among the remaining 129,999,999 to carry on the American system in the American tradition, it is *their* fault and not *his* if his delusions of grandeur transport him to Olympus. If a President can so mistake his pontifical authority at the end of six years as to run a “purge” of all his own partisans who dare to disagree with his dicta, what would he run at the end of twelve?

Millions of Americans who immensely like the dynamic, magnetic F. D. R. would not vote him a third term in the White House—not because they love him less but because

they love traditional American institutions and the spirit of democracy more. He is the last man who should be the one to break the third-term tradition—if it is ever broken—because he is already the nearest personification of *personal government* in the United States that we have ever had in peace or war. He is a superlatively powerful personal character. He is a ruthless disciplinarian in matters of loyalty to his personal programs. I venture the assertion that his state papers contain more personal pronouns than any six of his predecessors' combined, not even excepting his illustrious predecessor of the same name. He believes in Executive dominion—as frankly confessed by his campaigns to tie courts and legislatures to his chariot wheel. He is intolerant of opposition. He believes in his own star of destiny. His judgments are pronounced with autocratic finality. Were he the greatest President we have ever had—which his satellites will freely concede—still he would supremely personify as no other could what the Senate had in mind when it adopted the La Follette resolution in 1928 by a vote of 56 to 26, and said:

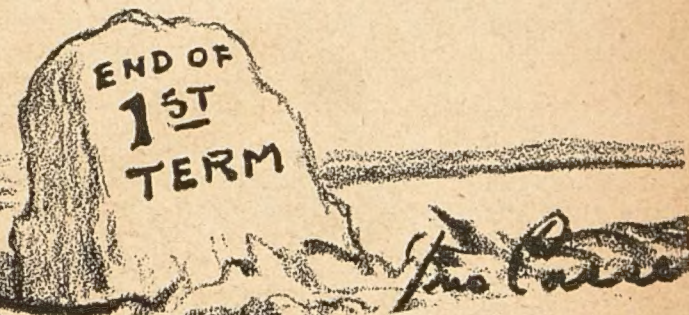
“It is the sense of the Senate that the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents in retiring from the Presidential office after their second term has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions.”

Well—if that stricture could apply to a gentle, peaceful, unambitious Coolidge, what language could be mustered to fit the suggestion of a third term for his complete antithesis in the midst of “bread and circuses,” who has himself bluntly asserted that he has “created instrumentalities of power” which, in what he conceives to be wrong hands,



For liberals! An eminent Presidential possibility deals forthrightly with an urgent national problem

BY SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG



would "shackle the liberties of the people"? If it was "unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions" for the safe and silent and conservative Coolidge to extend his Presidential term in a time which knew little of the psychology of dictatorship, what anathema could freedom conjure to describe the challenge to the present tumultuous hour?

Mind you, we are not now discussing the quality of Mr. Roosevelt's two administrations—we are discussing a system of government: the republican institutions of democracy of which a limited Presidency—limited by the voluntary fidelities of a century and a half of American tradition—is the supreme symbol, if not the supreme necessity.

Mind you, too, I am not arguing with the President. I expect his patriotism to agree with these contentions. I am arguing, if at all, with those of his noisy camp followers who persistently call him to a third term—sometimes even embracing the amazing sophistry of pretending that it would only be his first term if he were re-elected in 1940, because he was robbed of his 1933-36 authority by a recalcitrant Supreme Court (which he has subsequently peopled with "sympathetic souls"), and robbed of his 1936-40 authority by a party rebellion (which increases its record for larceny the nearer we get to the next great showdown). On that basis, he wouldn't get his second term until 1944, his third until 1948, and—well, page the spirit of Porfirio Diaz. He might quit in 1952 or he might not.

Silly? Yes. But could anything more clearly demonstrate the danger of such infatuations? Is it any wonder that most analytical Americans gratefully cherish the precedent set by George Washington and underwritten by Thomas Jefferson (whom today's New Dealers love to embrace as their progenitor) when he said in a letter to a friend:

"If some termination to the serv-

ices of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or supplied by practice, his office, nominally for years, will in fact become for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance. Believing that a representative government responsible at short periods of election is that which produces the greatest sum of happiness to mankind, I feel it a duty to do no act which shall essentially impair that principle; and I should unwillingly be the first person who . . . should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office."

It would be more in keeping with Jeffersonian doctrine than are most of the other innovations which have been clamped upon the country during the last few years in his great name if next winter's annual Jeffersonian dinners (which replenish contemporary political coffers at \$100 a plate) should paint a slogan on their walls recalling the words of Jefferson's party, in response to their first President's self-renunciation, acclaiming "the manly and sublime effort which dictated your determination," and significantly deriving "consolation from the consideration that your example may operate on all future Presidents to pursue a course which has added luster to your character, already dear to liberty and your country."

I respectfully suggest to the distinguished President of the United States that nothing would be more fitting or more thrilling than that he should take advantage of next winter's Jefferson dinners to announce his own allegiance to this doctrine. Or the Jackson Day dinners (also used for contemporary fiscal rehabilitation) would be equally appropriate, because Old Hickory (another claimed New Deal ancestor) asked in each of his eight annual messages that Presidents be Constitutionally limited to *one* term.

Lest my suggestion be misconstrued by Charley Michaelson, the President's inimitably agile publicity director—who recently said that "It

would clarify the present political situation if anybody could tell whether the G. O. P., its allies and affiliates, were more scared that the President *would* run for a third term than that he would *not* run," I must add parenthetically, for myself, that I think he would be the most vulnerable nominee, as a third-term nominee, whom "the G. O. P., its allies and affiliates" could confront.

This problem is something infinitely more vital than whether somebody is "scared" or not. It goes to the roots of American institutions. From a purely political standpoint, many of us would confidently welcome the President's renomination for a third term as most clearly personifying the issues which the country must settle at the November polls in 1940. But from the standpoint of American institutional values, it would be happier to have the issue voluntarily settled in advance by the eloquent action of a great and powerful President himself. At any rate, I have the complete conviction that it will be settled—by whichever process—in favor of the Washington-Jefferson precedent which has been impregnable for one hundred and fifty years. The spirit of democracy is not yet ready for a rendezvous with disintegration.

But we were saying that each time this third-term issue arises the debate always resurrects the age-old contentions about limiting the Presidential tenure by Constitutional amendment. Some earnest souls propose a limitation at one term of seven years. Others propose a general limitation to two terms; others, one term of six years, as recently suggested in a split report of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Then there is a further suggestion, applicable to the immediate 1940 prospectus, which I submitted to my fellow countrymen in a statement last May and which would pre-pledge the next Republican nominee to one four-year term. It has nothing to do with any Constitutional change. No Constitutional change could possibly become effective, even in the doubtful event that one could be agreed upon, in time to control the Presi-

dent who will be inaugurated in January, 1941. Whatever happens in respect to the *next* President's tenure will still have to happen voluntarily (as is the theory of the existing Constitution). Obviously this suggestion has nothing to do with Mr. Roosevelt's tenure except as it is predicated upon his retirement or defeat.

I want to discuss this suggestion for a moment. I do not presume to infer that it deserves to be bracketed with other illustrious comments which I have been quoting. But perhaps it merits attention because I have received 3,912 separate newspaper editorials, pro and con (80 per cent pro), upon it.

○ N May 26, in a discussion of the next Republican Presidential nomination, I said this:

"The next Republican national convention must first set down clean-cut, constructive, courageous principles which dependably promise to save the American system of free enterprise under the renewed spirit of Constitutional democracy, and to recapture prosperity for our whole people under a government restored to solvency. Then it should fit its nominations to its principles. It must strive to create common ground upon which all like thinkers may unite to produce an administration for all Americans in which a *pre-pledged one-term President* is manifestly free of all incentive but the one job of saving America."

It's the tenure which is important to this thesis. *One pre-pledged term!*

Why? Because if a Republican President should be elected in 1940, he will not have been elected merely by Republican votes. There is a sector of voters in this country—sufficient to dominate the 1940 outcome—which does not care a fig what party wins, so long as America wins. It was a *solidified opposition* to the Roosevelt party, regardless of previous partisan affiliations, which gave Republicanism its great stimulus last November. It will be a *solidified opposition* which will carry it to victory, if at all, in November, 1940. Like Lincoln's triumph in 1864, it will be a *coalition* victory utilizing the machinery of the Republican Party. It will demand a subsequent administration in kindred spirit—which is to say, an *all-American* administration "manifestly free of all incentive but the one job of saving America." The surest warrant for this outcome will be a *pre-pledged one-term President* (who means what he says) who can face the hard decisions which are the price of our emancipation not only without the hampering hobbles of political self-preservation to hold him back, but also without the sinister and destructive suspicions of his needed allies that they are helping to perpetuate a partisan dynasty.

Now let's get back to the abstract question of the Presidential tenure. Here are the two antithetical extremes: on the one hand, three terms

for Roosevelt; on the other hand, one term of four years for his successor. In between lie the other possibilities—perhaps two four-year terms, as is the orthodox routine for acceptable Presidents; perhaps a Constitutional amendment determining once and for all upon one six-year term.

But, in spite of my deep conviction that no circumstance yet confronted in American experience could justify a third four-year term for any President, I want to say for myself that I doubt the wisdom of attempting to change the tenure or to limit it by Constitutional amendment. I think these decisions should be left to the patriotic and vigilant American conscience. This in no sense can undermine the good faith of my own one-term proposal, because, as I have previously said, no new Constitutional restraints could possibly reach the Constitution by 1940 anyway.

Who shall say that a tradition and a habit against a prolonged Presidency on the one hand, or freedom of action in behalf of a shorter pre-pledged Presidency on the other hand, is not better and safer than a Constitutional stricture which could not be changed to fit one emergency or the other? The one is elastic under pressure of necessity; the other is a self-made barrier—erected by the people against themselves—which is as insurmountable as, in some crises, it might be fatal.

I N the presence of 1940, the people are free to elect Mr. Roosevelt for a third term if they wish. They are equally free to choose a pre-pledged one-term successor to him—or an unpledged two-term successor—if they wish. And since this is *their* government, it is illogical to tie their freedom of action. The very fact that proposed Constitutional strictures of one sort and another have always excited violent differences of opinion, and have always failed to jell, is the best possible proof that there never could be permanent assurance that any one particular Constitutional stricture would fit the changing vicissitudes of time and popular opinion.

Thus far it has always been perfectly safe to leave the decision to the people. So far as the third-term menace is concerned, it probably loomed largest in the person of President Grant. This produced the famous Springer resolution of 1875 in the House of Representatives, when the House, by the overwhelming vote of 234 to 18, resolved that no third term was a fundamental rule of the unwritten law of the Republic. Incidentally, it is significant to note that Grant was succeeded by a *pre-pledged one-term* President Hayes.

Eight Presidents have held office for two full terms. Two (Lincoln and McKinley) were elected to two terms but were cut down by assassination. Two (Theodore Roosevelt

and Coolidge) passed from second to first place and served out full terms subsequently. Of the fourteen Presidents who completed a single term, only three (Polk, Buchanan, and Hayes) really made no effort to succeed themselves.

Theodore Roosevelt, when first assuming the Presidency, felt the anti-third-term tradition so keenly that he counted the three and one half years of his succession to the martyred McKinley as a full term and said: "The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance, and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept, another nomination." In 1912, after four years' absence from the White House, he altered his doctrine to the extent of saying that the anti-third-term tradition runs against three *consecutive* terms. He ran again as a *non-consecutive* third-term, and was defeated. If he had lived until 1920, he would probably have been renominated and he would probably have been elected as a *non-consecutive* third-term. Thus the tradition would have been slightly bent if not actually broken. But the fact remains that it wasn't. The disturbing fact also remains that the second Roosevelt likes nothing better than to try to out-Roosevelt the first Roosevelt.

Well, there you are. We have had great varieties of Presidential tenure—thanks to Constitutional freedom in respect to it. I think it is probably wisest that both the freedom and the variety should continue. No one can conclusively say precisely how long any one citizen should claim the White House for his home. When Lincoln was asked how long a man's legs ought to be, he replied, "Long enough to reach the ground." That's the safest sort of answer to the question how long the Presidential tenure ought to be. It ought to be long enough—or short enough—to fit the necessities of the contemporary moment.

WE may safely leave the decision to the wisdom of the American people. That has been spectacularly true for one hundred and fifty years. It will still be true in 1940. I have my own ideas what they will say. They may choose a new President, Republican or Democrat, who is a first-term without restrictive commitment for the future. They may choose a pre-pledged one-term because of the immediate exigency. But they will not choose a third-term at this particular moment when an upset world finds personal dictators at the throat of democracy and individual liberty all round the globe. They will not hazard an American paraphrase of this tragedy. And one reason they won't is that they probably will not have the chance. Any other eventuality would be "unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

THE END

THE *Last* NIGHT

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

A LONG time ago, they danced not so differently from the way we dance now. The measure of the waltz was the same, but the man and the woman wider apart, watching each other and held together with the lock of fingertips; and the minuet, forgotten, was not forgotten then, but each movement studied, each movement precise, each movement graceful with the planned gracefulness of generations who had danced that same dance. In a long line, men, in another women, facing each other, bowing, stepping, curtsying.

And she with the rest, striving to remember what she had learned, dreadfully afraid that she would make a mistake, a false move or a false step to be laughed at.

When the dance finished, he led her off proudly, triumphantly. With his eyes and with his manner he tried to tell her what he was fearfully afraid she would not understand. If she didn't, most of the people in the long ballroom did. Major Andrews remarked to the general:

"Young Fuller's taken—completely, you know."

"She's nobody, and that would be a good thing for him to remember," the general said.

"Look at her face. When you were young, sir, would you have gone through hell to have her smile at you the way she's smiling at him?"

"I would," the general nodded, thinking of a time when he had been young, and wondering whether women then had been like this girl on Fuller's arm—tall, with just enough awareness of her beauty to be neither retiring nor defiant.

Fuller led her over to where the general and Major Andrews stood. Andrews proposed a toast, and they went to the long table with its silver punch bowl.

A colored servant poured punch into the glasses, and, clustered about the woman, the officers raised their arms and proposed the toast. An-



He saw that she was standing there, still, straight, listening.

A vivid tale of a famous ride and a
loyal girl who sacrificed her heart

BY HOWARD FAST

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HEITLAND

draws said: "To the loveliest thing in His Majesty's realm."

In that ballroom there were four hundred candles, and the place danced with light. More officers, drawn by the general's presence, joined the group about the table. Their coats were of yellow and red and green; they wore breeches, for the most part spotless white with a sheen of satin. They wore white powdered wigs.

To the woman it was like a dream; and more of a dream than anything else was the flushed proud face of the young subaltern who stood at her side.

The other young officers who had clustered about played it like a game. They courted her look and her favor. They outdid each other in grace and in wit. And the young subaltern became sullen.

Then the music started—a waltz. Fuller, the subaltern, seized her for the dance; and they danced the waltz in those days not so differently from how we dance it now, only farther apart, fingertips touching.

It was in Boston. It was the 18th of April, and the year was 1775.

THAT night in Boston two men sat in a tavern, over two mugs of beer which had long since lost their heads. In those days they didn't ice beer; the drink was warm and sour. The younger and taller man sipped his beer and made faces. The other man, shorter, older, had long since forgotten that the beer was in front of him.

The shorter man, the older man, was thinking of country roads, of lanes that crossed meadows and surmounted hills, of little villages that clustered about Boston. And away from those villages, more roads that led on and on almost forever. It puzzled him to try to grasp it entirely. He summed it up, speaking to his friend.

"Don't trust a woman," he said.

"You don't know her."

"I know about women," the short man said. "So I can tell you—don't trust her."

"Damn you, you don't know her!"

"I've seen her. She's too beautiful."

"She's an angel," the younger man whispered. "I tell you, she's an angel."

"A sweet angel," the short man smiled. And then, speaking louder and more harshly: "I tell you, I've seen the lobsters swarming around her like flies!" At the word "lobsters" the young man reached over and grasped the other's arm. Their eyes shifted to two men in red uniforms who sat at the other end of the tavern room. For a moment the short man's eyes were clouded with panic. One of the soldiers rose and approached their table. He was a little drunk.

"What about lobsters?" he demanded. His voice was harsh and strange, with the accent of another city and another world.

The little man smiled and said: "We eat them—that's all."

The soldier swore, and the open palm of his hand cracked on the short man's face. It left a mark—five fingers printed white on his ruddy skin. But the little man, without moving, still smiled.

"Lobsters," he said, "the color of your coat—after they're boiled."

The soldier swore again and stumbled away. The younger man whispered: "I would have killed him for that."

"Because you're a fool."

"You sit there and smile. I tell you, if he had struck me like that, I would have killed him!"

"Because you're a fool—because you're hotheaded and young and stupid. A woman is beautiful, so she's to be trusted. A soldier is drunk, so you'd throw things away—throw everything away. For your pride, for your rotten little pride. Don't glare at me. I'm trying to make you understand. This is big, so big that you don't know and I don't know, and nobody really knows. But I have an idea—roads, they stretch away from here like threads. Miles and miles of roads, and they'll burn with it, once it's started. After it's started there'll be no going back; it'll burn like a fire. But to start it right—at the instant. Only one mistake, and it's over before it starts. That's what they're waiting for, that mistake. And I trusted you—to find out, to tell me. And now you say you've put the whole thing in the hands of a woman."

"She loves me," the younger man said miserably.

"Why? What can you give her? If she's successful, you leave her after tonight—nobody knows for how long. What can you give her? Young Jeff Fuller, his lordship—"

"That's a lie!"

IT'S not a lie. That English lieutenant has an estate in Europe, wealth, position, breeding. Don't look at me like that, you poor backwoods lout. I'm no more afraid of you than of that lobster. Why don't you strike me? Why don't you?"

The younger man shook his head. He started to speak, stopped, picked up his beer and sipped at it, made a wry face and banged the mug on the table. The two soldiers were singing. Singing, they rose and swayed toward the door. As they passed the table where the two were sitting, one of them paused and deliberately spat on the short man's sleeve. The little man smiled and nodded, said:

"That I'll remember, my friend."

They went out, and the short man sat there, smiling curiously.

"You're not human," the younger man remarked.

"Tonight—we're none of us human. To be human is to be a fool, do you understand? Tonight only one thing exists—"

"She won't betray us."

"Will she betray the man she loves?"

"She loves me."

The small man shook his head

wearily. He was very tired, and before the night was over he would be more tired. He had worked and planned, and built with others the most intricate of all machines, one that depended for its existence upon the faith of men. And now one cog had slipped. He saw no way of putting that cog back into place. The machine was too finely constructed, too delicately balanced. And there was not enough time. From now on each minute and each second was precious.

"What can we do?" the younger man asked him.

"Nothing. Go on as we had planned. And hope—or pray to God. But go on as we had planned. There's nothing else to do."

AFTER the waltz she was taken away from Fuller, and he sulked at one side of the broad ballroom. But from where she was dancing, whirling, she kept glancing at him; and when he caught her eyes, he smiled as though he had seen all his heart desired.

He was ridiculously easy to read. She thought of what he had told her of himself, and she realized that it had to be true. He couldn't lie. What he thought planted itself upon his face.

She wondered at herself. This evening had been like no other evening in her life. From when it started until now, she had been completely happy. Completely, because she had forced herself not to think of what she was doing, of what the end of the evening would be. Even now telling herself that she didn't know what the end would be.

Lying to herself and lying to the young subaltern, who could lie to nobody, who had not in his whole head the cleverness and subtlety of her small finger. She wondered at it, trying to understand what forces possessed and moved her. And then, dancing with some one else, seeing him standing with his eyes upon her, she realized how she had come to love him. And all her cleverness had no answer to that.

She had stopped in the middle of a movement, weak, faint. She had a sudden wild desire to be out of this, to breathe cool fresh air, to run until she had gotten away.

"You're not well?" her partner inquired. "Can I help you? Can I get you something to drink?"

"No, no—I'm all right. I must go—forgive me."

And then, almost forcibly, she tore herself away, pushed through the dancers toward a door that opened on a small terrace. She glanced back toward Fuller, saw him seeking her, and then at the door of the terrace almost collided with Major Andrews.

His portly bulk was a wall of red and white and green, sashes and smooth satin, short breath and the odor of punch. "Can I help you, my dear?" he asked.

"No—no. I was a little faint. I thought some air—"

He opened the door to the terrace. "A drink, perhaps?" he asked her. "No, thank you." She was trying to find excuses to leave him.

"I'm flattered," he said, "immensely flattered. With a hall of young bucks, that you should seek an old codger like me—"

She forced herself to smile.

He said: "I can tell you how beautiful you are, my dear. Age allows me that."

"Thank you."

"Beautiful—and clever. You are clever, aren't you? You've bewildered poor Fuller."

Her heart raced. She wondered: Does he know? Is he playing a game with me?

"All you Yankees," he nodded, "all so infernally clever. Never think you were English way back. You were, you know. Way back. And it's hard to believe. So clever. We English aren't clever—plod along."

She tried to remember that her face must not give her away—the way Fuller's face gave him away. She smiled and looked at the major archly. Why didn't he let her go—get out of it? She said: "We can be too clever, we Yankees, major."

And he smiled and nodded and agreed: "There you have it—too clever. All very well to spin thread for the cloth, but easy to get tangled up in your own weaving. Marvelous plotters, you Yankees, but too complicated for your own good—too clever."

Still smiling, she said: "Or not clever enough, major? It's common knowledge that you're a step ahead."

"Is it?"

"Not his lordship—talk over the punch table, perhaps. Or perhaps the clever Yankees are out of the plot. If I were in your place, major—"

AND if you were?"

She smiled more insinuatingly than before, took his arm and said: "If I were in your place, I would do this: Hold a ball—a great ball which should last well into the morning. Your officers are all dancing, and therefore no danger until morning."

"And then?"

She plunged headlong, hating herself, despising herself: "And then, at or before midnight your troops are ready. Your officers slip away. A quick march, and a silly rebellion is crushed before it begins."

He stared at her. "If you were a man," he said, "I would appoint you to my staff."

"Then I'm right," she smiled.

"Almost, my dear. So right that I'm relieved young Fuller has your heart, if not your head. Don't deny it. Only—our men will not march. Boats, my dear. Boats."

They laughed together. The waltz had stopped. The Hessian musicians were turning the pages of their music. Fuller found her. His eyes lit with relief when he saw only Major Andrews at her side.

"Take her," Andrews said. "Take her out on the terrace—"

Fuller's face reddened. He took her arm and they went out. It was cool outside, misty. Already it was late, and only a few lights burned vaguely in the mist.

"Like London," he said, "the air and the mist—"

She didn't answer. She felt trapped, lost. She felt forces inside of her and outside of her struggling with each other.

"I've acted like a fool," he said.

"No—"

"Like a fool. I should have told you, asked you—instead of blundering about, making you uncomfortable."

"What should you have told me?" she whispered, her lips trembling.



HOWARD FAST

a native New Yorker, hated school and, when his family suggested college, tried to join the Navy. Refused because of his youth, he studied drawing, then got a job and, on the side, took up writing. Now, in his early twenties, he is well established as writer of popular fiction.

For a moment he was silent; then he said: "I didn't think it would be this way—so far from home. You know, it is far, a great distance. That's what makes it so strange, that I should have found you across all this great distance."

"What should you have told me?" she whispered.

"You know, I guess."

"I know," she nodded.

Then he took her in his arms, and then he saw that her eyes were wet, and he said:

"Don't cry. You're happy, aren't you?"

"I'm happy—terribly happy."

"And you love me?"

She nodded. She put her hands up to touch his face, under the white powdered wig he wore, to handle his soft hair. Like silk, his hair, soft. She remembered the color, a golden brown. And all at once her mind leaped ahead, so that she was thinking of children that were his and hers, with hair like this. And he was saying:

"This will be over, you know. There can't be war. We march tonight, and we nip it in the bud. That's the best way. I admire your people, and why should there be war if we can live together in peace? As for freedom, the rule of His Majesty is freedom enough. We're free in England. So only a month or two more at the most, possibly only a fortnight, and then you'll go home with me—"

She was thinking, The rule of His Majesty— She was thinking of the many men, dark figures in the night, waiting. And she knew—only she. But what was it to her? All that mattered was the man she loved, and his love for her. In all the world there was nothing else but their love.

"We'll go home," he was telling

her. "It will be strange at first, but you'll come to love it. You'll love my sister. She's all there is to the family. The title's mine, and it will be yours. The place is in Kent, an old, old house. But it won't be old any more with you in it . . ."

She nodded, shivered.

"And after that travel—the whole Continent to see. France, Italy. About England I can't tell you. You have to see it, and then you'll love it. It's not like your land over here, wild, untamed. It's an old country—"

He saw that she was crying, and he bent over her, murmuring, "What is it?" helpless again, and awkward, his broad open face eager and afraid at the same time.

"Nothing, nothing—I'm tired, I guess. I'll go now."

"But you'll let me take you home?" he asked.

"No—" She was frightened, like a wild animal trapped.

"But why? You can't go home alone. There are soldiers walking the streets—"

Your soldiers, she was thinking. Soldiers from a land far away, indistinct, vague beyond rolling seas. And now they were part of the city where she had been born, holding it in their grasp.

She managed to say calmly: "You march tonight, you told me. You can't leave."

He stared at her a moment, then said: "I was never afraid before—the way I'm afraid now for you to leave me."

"Don't be afraid."

"You don't know. It wasn't meant that I should have anything so beautiful as you, so fine. I'm not good enough."

"You believe that?" she asked him wonderingly.

"I know it."

"And if you were told—otherwise?"

"Nobody could tell me different," he said softly.

She said: "Take me in your arms. Take me and hold me—hold me."

Then they went back into the ballroom, and she was very calm when she said good night to him. "Two or three days," he told her. "No more than that. In two or three days we'll be together."

He helped her into the carriage, held her hand a moment, then smiled at her.

SHE sat in a corner of the seat, crouched small, wrapped in her cloak. Now it would be easy—too easy—to do nothing, to close her eyes and wait until the carriage brought her home, to go to bed, to sleep, to forget all except that he loved her.

She tried to count the beats of the horse's hoofs. She tried to see things through the mist. She tried to hum over some of the strange Hessian waltzes she had danced that night—

Then she was calling to the driver to stop.

He eyed her curiously as he helped her out of the carriage. "You don't

want me to take you home, miss?" he asked her.

"No—I remembered—"

"Shall I take you back?"

"No. Leave me alone, please. I'll be all right. Leave me alone."

She stood there, leaning against a house front in the mist, listening to the dull beat of the horse's hoofs as the carriage drove away. The city was very quiet and very dark. For a long time she heard the sound of the horse's hoofs.

Then she began to walk. Coming into a dark narrow street, she had the helpless feeling of some one lost. She ran then, stopped, leaned against a tree, her breath coming in short gasps.

She took hold of herself. She was no stranger to this city. It was hers, and she was a part of it. She walked slowly and with assurance, telling herself that she was not afraid. She came to a street corner and recognized the avenue.

Then she began to walk more quickly. Over to her right she saw the dark glint of water.

She heard footsteps, and she saw the blurred light of an approaching lantern. Footsteps marching in rhythm. She forced herself not to increase her pace. The lantern light fell on her, and beyond it she saw the dark red of uniforms.

"Declare yourself," some one said. Light glinted on a bayonet.

"I'm going home," she managed.

"Let me pass."

"Alone? Well, you're a nice little bit."

She stood rigidly while they crowded around her. One of them pinched her cheek.

Another said: "Don't be afraid, sister."

"I'm not afraid. Let me pass."

"Now, just a kiss. We're lonely men."

She made her voice calm, light: "Another time. I have an appointment now."

"With some Yankee."

"Perhaps," she smiled.

THEN the patrol let her through, and the light went on, swinging, becoming more and more diffused. She walked a few steps, then stopped, weak, trembling. Her hands were wet.

She went over to a railing and leaned against it, taking deep breaths. She felt like screaming, sobbing—anything to ease the deadly tension inside of her.

Then she went on.

Finally she came to the place—driven, as if she had come by no will of her own. She stood at the door of a church which loomed up high above her, shapeless in the dark.

She opened the door and went in. Inside the darkness was complete, solid and unrelieved. She felt that she would have to force her way through that darkness, fight for every inch.

She walked forward slowly. She knew the church, the rows of pews on

either side of her. She counted her steps, and stretched out her hands to find the pulpit. She felt her way around it, up some steps, to another door. Silent, dark, the church was noncommittal. She felt that in this place, all around her, were the answers to the questions that perplexed her. Yet the dark bulk of the church held its secret.

She opened the door, walked through a room, feeling her way carefully, and then opened another door. A draft of cold air struck her face. She went on until her hands grasped the rungs of a ladder, and then she began to climb. Up and up, until her arms and legs were heavy as lead. Until a voice stopped her. The voice came out of the dark like a solid, accusing thing.

"Who's there?"

She wondered how much black distance there was beneath her if she were to open her hands and fall.

"Who's there? Answer or I'll shoot!"

She said: "Be quiet. There's a patrol near by."

She thought she could hear the relieved intake of breath. She climbed on until her head and shoulders thrust through an opening above her. A hand caught her arm, and then she was standing on a little platform at the top of the church tower. Below and around her were the shapeless dark of Boston, the faint glint of water where it nestled to land.

She turned and faced the man who was standing beside her.

"You didn't think I'd come?" she asked dully.

"I knew—I knew. He said you wouldn't. But I told him you'd come—I knew."

She nodded. The man came toward her, holding out his hands. She shook her head.

"Don't—please," she said.

Awhile he stood like that in front of her. Then he said: "It's true. He told me—not to trust a woman. And I said you loved me. Then he laughed at me."

"Don't make it harder than it is," she said.

"Harder—harder for you? I'm sorry, your ladyship."

She struck him across the face. Then she stared at her hand.

"I don't mind that," he muttered. "I learned control tonight. It is Fuller, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"I suppose you love him?"

"I love him."

In that moment it was all clear

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆ by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **STALIN** by Boris Souvarine.
Alliance Book Corporation.

Stalin has always been an enigma to the world at large. Souvarine has assembled the facts of his amazing story, heretofore concealed or distorted, and has presented us with a living picture of the "man of steel."

to her—how the rebellion would be crushed by this quick night stroke; how young Fuller would come marching back with his triumphant troops; how they would sail together for England; how they would live the quiet, serene way of their lives on the estate in Kent; how all that she desired of life would be hers. And the little group of men who called themselves patriots would be hanged. However, she would not be here to see that.

It would mean only one thing—for her to keep silent, to say she knew nothing.

The man said: "I guess—we can go down now."

She walked to the edge of the platform and looked at the bulk of the city beneath her, dark and shapeless. And the land was like that—shapeless, untamed. He had said that himself. Only this place lying like a dormant spark, ready to flare up and send its flames out over a network of crude roads. A flame that would burn like a light in the sky.

SHE felt very weary. Her thought ran slowly, sluggishly, in the form of questions. And she groped for the answers.

Then she said: "They march tonight."

The man's voice darted out like a lash of victory:

"Tonight? You're sure of that? What road?"

"By sea. Then overland to Lexington."

The man's hands gripped her shoulders like iron claws.

"You're not lying?" he demanded harshly. "You're telling me the truth?"

She nodded wearily.

"But why? Why? Don't you know we'll intercept them? Don't you know it will mean war—long and bitter war?"

"I know—"

"And him? What about him?"

She shook her head. "I told you what you wanted," she whispered.

He stared at her, then bent over and lifted two shuttered lanterns. Hooking them on to the railing of the platform, he opened the shutters. Yellow light streamed forth, lighting the edge of the platform, glistening on the brocade gown she wore, glistening on the beads of sweat that stood out on his brow.

Then he leaned over the railing, trying to pierce the dark, trying to see on the farther side of the water the figure of a small man mounting a horse, shortening the stirrups, riding hard and harder, crying out for the land to awake and rise. He thought he could hear, ever so faintly, the drumming of hoofs. . . .

He turned back to the woman, and saw that she was standing there, still, straight, listening.

"We'll go down now," he said.

She nodded. He took her arm tenderly.

Then they descended into the deep consoling darkness of the church.

THE END

AN UMPIRE

Calling a close one between the Cubs' Stan Hack and Joe Gordon of the Yankees in last year's Series.



... LOOKS AT THE WORLD SERIES

Big-time jitters!—A close-up of tense moments in "the biggest show on earth"

BY BILL MCGOWAN

As told to Jerry D. Lewis

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

THE World Series as we know it has come a long way since that first one in 1905 between John McGraw's New York Giants and Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. There, the total receipts for all the games were \$68,435, and the winning players' shares were each \$1,142. In each of the last four series the total receipts have topped the million-dollar mark, and last year the winning players each grabbed approximately \$6,500 for their five days' work. This year the receipts will probably climb over a million again.

If you have wondered how that money is divided, here is your answer: Fifteen per cent of the receipts goes to the Advisory Council, headed by Judge Landis, for the expenses of running baseball and to serve as a sinking fund. Sixty per cent of the balance goes into the players' pool, and the remainder goes to the club owners. Thus, on a gate of \$100,000, the Council would get \$15,000, the players' pool \$51,000, and the club owners \$34,000.

The players do not share in the receipts of any game after the fourth, for rather obvious reasons. Of the

\$51,000 in the players' pool, 30 per cent is deducted, to be split in diminishing shares among the second-, third-, and fourth-place clubs in each league. We umpires do not work on any percentage—we get \$2,500 for the entire series, whether it goes four or seven games.

There's something about a World Series that gets in under your skin and stays there, whether you're a player or an umpire. In 1928, when I was assigned to work in my first series, I got to the dressing room at the Yankee Stadium an hour and a half early. Before the game started, I walked at least five miles around that room.

Calling 'em in a World Series is as much the goal of every umpire in the bush leagues as playing in one is the ambition of every class D league rookie.

Umpire Bill Klem had been assigned to the series by John A. Heydler, then president of the National League, and when he noticed my nervousness he said:

"Young man, how long have you been umpiring?"

"Thirteen years," I answered;

"ten years in the minors and three years in the American League."

"Well, don't be nervous, then. After all, this is just another ball game."

After the series was over, Klem said to me: "I'm glad you didn't believe me, McGowan. They're not just four more ball games—they're the biggest show on earth, and if you ever get to the point in life where umpiring in a World Series is just another routine assignment, do yourself a favor and quit. You won't be worth a quarter."

Some ballplayers will tell you that the Series doesn't faze them a bit, but they're lying in their teeth when they say so. If you don't believe it, here's proof.

October 7, 1935, was a fine clear fall day in Detroit. There was the faintest touch of chill to the air, but no one minded that, because Mickey Cochrane's Tigers needed only one more victory over the Chicago Cubs to bring the Motor City its first world's championship. The year before Mickey's Tigers had won the pennant, but in the World Series they went down before the pitching genius of the two Deans, Diz and Paul.

As Tommy Bridges walked out to the mound to pitch the ninth inning, the score was three to three. Despite the huge crowd, it was so quiet you could have heard the temperature drop. There was excitement in the air, and you somehow sensed that this game would not go into extra innings—that either the Cubs or the Tigers would crack a trifle. Stanley Hack, the Cubs' all-star third base-

man, teed off on a fast ball, and before Jo-Jo White could retrieve it from deepest center field, Hack was resting on third base—with none out.

Bridges took a hitch in his belt, but otherwise gave no indication that he was at all perturbed. And then he started to pitch! I expected to see some good pitching, but what Tommy showed me was sensational. He threw curve balls exclusively, but better curve balls than he ever threw before or since, and the next three men didn't even threaten to drive the ball out of the infield.

The Tigers went out and won in the last half of that inning, Goose Goslin driving manager Mickey home with the clincher. Do you think Bridges could have done that in an ordinary game? Not on your life!

We boys in blue are supposed to be impervious to everything but our immediate decision, but we make mistakes too. We sometimes call plays wrong, owing to being forced into a bad angle from which to sight the play. Suppose Joe DiMaggio makes a long throw from deep center field in the last inning of one of the games, trying to cut down the tying or winning run at home plate. A mistake on a play like that might very conceivably mean the difference between the losing and winning shares—about \$2,000—to twenty-five players. Isn't that enough to think about?

IN the 1931 World Series, for example, the classic went the full distance of seven games. Going into the ninth inning of the last game, Burleigh Grimes had a five-hit shutout over the Athletics. Al Simmons, first up, walked, and Jimmy Foxx fouled out. Bing Miller hit a scorching liner to Charlie Gelbert's right. Gelbert made a great stop and threw to Frank Frisch to force Simmons. Frisch whipped the ball to Jim Bottomley at first, trying for the double play which, if successful, would have ended the series. The play was very close, the ball and Miller arriving all but simultaneously.

I spread my hands, indicating that Miller was safe, and the Cardinals immediately mobbed me. Bill Klem then did the nicest thing I've ever seen one umpire do for another. He shouldered his way through the crowd of screaming Cardinals, pounding his right fist into the palm of his left hand, and when he came up to me, he said: "You made a great decision, Bill. That was great!"

Because Klem is as much the Old Master to ballplayers as he is to fellow umpires, Frisch and his boys turned on their heels and walked back to their positions without another peep.

That 1931 World Series will, of course, always be remembered as the Pepper Martin series. That was the classic young John Leonard Martin tore wide open and used as his personal oyster. He was, you may remember, a first-year man in the National League that season, and every

one was very surprised when he tied the World Series record for hits and stole every base but the spare one locked up in the groundkeeper's office. I was a little less surprised than most, though. Let me tell you why.

In the 1930 series the same Cardinals had faced the same Athletics, and the A's, paced by Lefty Grove, George Earnshaw, and Rube Walberg, had beaten them, four games to two. In the spring of '31 both clubs cashed in on their series appearance by playing a few spring exhibition games against each other. I was in Florida umpiring the first game of this Grapefruit League series.

AT the end of the fifth inning I walked over to the Cardinal bench to get a drink of water, and I heard a voice say: "Hey, Gabby, I kin hit that guy out there."

I looked up, and there was a tanned, hook-nosed kid talking to Gabby Street, manager of the Cards. I was later to learn that his name was Pepper Martin. Street replied: "Do you know who that is? That's Lefty Grove, son. He's no nickel pitcher—he's the best."

"I don't care who he is. I know I kin hit him."

Gabby, being no sucker in the matter of psychology, sent Martin up to hit for Taylor Douthit, the regular Cardinal center fielder. Martin kissed the first ball pitched for a triple, and Douthit was never again to be the regular Cardinal center fielder. Do you wonder now why I was a little less surprised than the others when Mr. Martin hit Grove & Company in the World Series that year as though he owned them?

That's one of the things an umpire gets a chance to see that a fan never does. Another thing no fan sees, and few even know about, is the meeting of Judge Landis, the two competing managers, and the four working umpires before each World Series. At that meeting the rules of the game are discussed. There are several points on which the rules of the National and American Leagues differ. Those differences are brought up, and a decision is made on whether we are to use the National League interpretation on a certain play, or our own. Let's take a look at a couple of those points.

In the American League, with DiMaggio on second base and Dickey on first, with none or one out, Selkirk hits a pop fly over the infield. The infield fly rule automatically retires Selkirk, of course. But the ball comes down and hits DiMaggio, who is standing on his base. What then? The rules specifically state that a base runner hit with a batted ball is out, don't they? Yet it would be a travesty on the rules to call both Selkirk and DiMaggio out; so our rule is that the base runner, DiMaggio, is out, but the hitter, Selkirk, is safe.

In the National League the batter is declared out and the runner is safe. No difference, you say? Sup-

pose the base runner is Billy Werber, a very fast man, and the hitter is Ernie Lombardi, considerably slower. The Yankees would rather have Lombardi on base than Werber, wouldn't they?

That might mean the difference between a run and a double play—and winning or losing the series.

Difference number two concerns which umpire shall call fair or foul on line drives hit over either first or third base. In the National League, the base umpire who is standing on the foul line, some ten feet behind the sack, calls the play. In our league, the umpire behind the plate calls it. For the last few years the American League version has been used in the series. Why?

There was quite a long discussion about that before the 1935 series, and the National League rule was adopted. On the first ball pitched by Schoolboy Rowe in the first game, Augie Galan sliced a terrific liner down the third base line. Dolly Stark, working at third base, barely had time to leap out of the way of the ball without worrying about where it would ultimately land. Luckily, the ball was an obvious foul, so no argument ensued, and since then the American League version has been official.

Another rule which you fans should know about is the brand-new "outfield fly" edict, passed at the beginning of this season by both leagues. With men on first and second, or bases loaded, and none or one out, if the batter should hit a fly ball to the outfield, but only a short distance from the infield, the umpire can call the batter out if, in his opinion, the outfielder purposely dropped the ball. That is to prevent ball hawks like Harry Craft and Joe DiMaggio from coming in under an ordinary fly ball, dropping it intentionally, and then whipping the ball to second base for a double play.

STILL another difference between the two leagues during the regular season is that in the National League the umpire puts a new ball in play by handing it to the catcher, who usually whips it to the third baseman, from which point it is thrown around the infield before coming to the pitcher. In our league, we throw the ball directly to the pitcher. That is designed to cut down the time of the ball game.

I can't, of course, make any predictions on the current series because of my official position, and I wouldn't if I could. I wouldn't because this figures to be the toughest World Series since the 1934 shambles between the Cardinals and the Tigers. You know how good the Yankees are, and you know that no club is going to make suckers out of them. The same thing can be said for the Reds. I look for the series to be a drag down and fight to the last inch.

That's as far as I can go—but that's enough, isn't it?

THE END



The police wanted to know why we had stopped at the all-night lunch room.

NINE YEARS AFTER THE CHAIN GANG

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



Robert Elliot Burns, who is still wanted by the State of Georgia.

NINE years ago, on September 6, 1930—I escaped from the Georgia chain gang for the second time. One day prior to my escape I had a conversation with a group of convicts.

“Burns,” said one convict, “you’re a sucker to think of going straight again. You went straight for seven years, and what did it get you?”

“Well,” I answered, “perhaps I am; but I never committed a crime in the first place, and if I ever get away again, I’ll go straight and be on the level just the same—even if it brings me back here the third time.”

“Burns,” said a second convict, “you’re screwy.”

And now, although I’ve been free nine years, I am still a fugitive. But this definition is more legal than real. According to the Georgia criminal code, I am a menace to society—I who am the head of a family, own my own home, operate my own business in Newark, New Jersey, stand on my own feet, contribute to the public welfare as a result of my freedom.

During these nine years of freedom I have demonstrated for the second time that I am not a criminal, do not have criminal inclinations, and have obeyed the very letter of the laws of my country. Were I to be taken back to the chain gang, the law would defeat its very purpose; for, instead of being a producing member of society, I would become a burden.

The reason I am here breaking a nine-year silence is to give an account-

ing to the tens of thousands of kindly justice-loving people who raised their voices in my behalf when the State of Georgia wanted me extradited and taken back to the chain gang. This account of what I have done with my life in these past nine years will be the basis upon which those people can judge whether they have been repaid for their efforts on my behalf. I am particularly indebted to New Jersey’s grandest Governor, A. Harry Moore, who, faced with a difficult decision, breathed the warmth of human understanding into cold and rigid statutes and refused to return me to the chain gang.

You probably saw Paul Muni a few years ago in a picture called *I Am a Fugitive*. That was the screen version of my own story, written in hiding, for *True Detective Magazine* almost a decade ago. It related how I had innocently become legally involved in a hold-up in Georgia and had been sent to the chain gang. I escaped and went to Chicago, where I established myself in the publishing business.

The Georgia authorities located me, and I went back to the chain gang voluntarily, expecting to receive justice and humane treatment. I got neither. I escaped the second time. What happened to me after that has never been disclosed until now.

I have always thought that I was treated unjustly by Georgia. I had an agreement with that state. I was to go back, pay the state the money they had expended in the search for me, and, in return for the money paid and the fact that I had proved myself a responsible citizen for seven years, I was to be given a pardon in ninety days. Georgia didn’t keep its word. Georgia kept the money, and Georgia kept me too.

Following my second escape, I eventually made my way to New Jersey and landed a job under an assumed name—Dick Crane—with a copper smelting company in Carteret.

A challenge—America’s best-known
‘fugitive’ breaks his silence at last

BY ROBERT ELLIOT BURNS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY McARDLE

After I had saved a little money, I decided to go in business for myself. I opened a small shop in East Orange, New Jersey, still under the name of Crane, where I sold almost everything under the sun, merchandise bought from auction rooms at prices ridiculously below its real worth.

Things were going along fairly well. They became better when Warner Brothers bought the movie rights to my True Detective story. I went to California under a different assumed name and helped to prepare the story for the screen and then returned to my business.

Then somebody found out that I was the fugitive from the chain gang, and I was arrested. That was in December, 1932. A fight was made to prevent my extradition, and Governor A. Harry Moore refused to sign the papers that would have sent me back to the chain gang.

And now the real test began. I could use my own name and no longer had the gnawing dread of being identified. But I had to begin all over again—and right at the depth of the depression when even men with solid backgrounds and nothing at all against them were having a tough time trying to earn a living. I tried to find a job, and couldn't. So I decided to create my own job.

I am an expert accountant; but accountants were a drug on the market because there wasn't sufficient business to account. This lack of business caused taxes to increase. Tax burdens were plentiful and tax experts were scarce.

It might seem like a far cry from a chain gang to a tax expert, but I put two and two together and decided to become a tax expert. In preparation for this new work, I spent over nine months of intensive study of the tax structure of the federal, state, and local governments.

When I had finished my studies I opened an office. It was a long hard pull, but after three years of struggle the business began to meet expenses.

IN September, 1937, when I was fairly well established, I married a lovely girl who has all the qualities a man could possibly ask in a woman. We made a down payment on a little home in the suburbs, and in order to make some extra money I began work on another book called *Escape to Prison*. It was published by Vanguard Press in June, 1938. In September of last year the movies made an offer for the book—if I could go to Hollywood and assist in a successful adaptation of it for the screen. There was a big "if" there. I was to be paid transportation money and a modest salary in Hollywood while working on the adaptation, but if it wasn't finally accepted for screening, the company would not buy it.

My wife was expecting a baby at the end of November. We talked over the Hollywood gamble, for it was just that. I didn't know how long I would be gone, nor whether the script would

be accepted. There was a chance that I wouldn't get back before the baby's birth. *There was also the chance that I might be picked up in another State and held for the Georgia authorities.* The venture was fraught with danger. I would drive out and drive back, passing through many states that might not treat me so kindly as had New Jersey, and the transportation money thus saved would pay the baby doctor who was attending my wife.

Finally I let my wife decide. One night she said, "Bob, go ahead, and God be with us both."

I left the next day, and hit the Coast six days later after a long hard trip. I went right to work when I got to Hollywood, where I rented a little hide-out under an assumed name. In exactly six weeks my script work was completed—although I was not to know for four months yet the final decision on my work. Then began the race back across the country to beat the stork.

NEAR Tulsa, Oklahoma, I met a young fellow in a lunchroom. He was a clean-cut looking chap and he said he was hitchhiking East. I told him he could come along with me if he wanted to help with the driving. I had just beat a freak snowstorm in from the west, and I was exhausted after thirty-six hours at the wheel with no sleep.

In the early-morning hours of the next day my companion and I pulled in to an all-night lunchroom in a small Indiana town. Tough-looking characters loitered around the place, and I didn't like the looks of it. I would have gone elsewhere, but this was the only place in town open at this hour of the morning. So we made quick work of our sandwiches and coffee and beat it.

Outside of town a few miles we noticed that we were being trailed by a police car. The other fellow was driving at the moment, well within the speed limit; but suddenly the police car shot ahead of us and drove us into the side of the road.

The police wanted to know why we had stopped at the all-night lunchroom. I explained we had been hungry. They asked where we were going, and why. I explained I was on my way home, to New Jersey. They asked the driver for his license. *He didn't have any.* That was a shock to me. I had asked him in the beginning if he had a license and he had said yes.

Then they asked me to identify myself. As I reached into my pocket for my license I thought of my wife and the baby that was on the way—and the chain gang. One of the policemen looked at my license and said, "Robert E. Burns, eh? Seems to me I've heard that name somewhere before. What business you in?"

"I'm a tax specialist," I said.

"Any other identification?"

I showed him cards from the American Legion and other veterans' organizations. He smiled, and I breathed easier. "I guess you're

O. K.," he said. "The reason we questioned you was because that joint you stopped at is a notorious gangster hangout, and we've been waiting for a couple of bad eggs from the Coast to show up there."

Still I wasn't out of trouble. My new friend had been driving without a license. But he showed the cops an express-company receipt for a suitcase with all his belongings, which he had sent ahead to his sister, so that he could travel light while hitchhiking. His license, he said, was in the suitcase.

The cops gave us a break, but the blood still runs a little faster in my veins when I think of the events on that dark Indiana road that night.

I got home all right in time for the baby's birth. She was a perfect, blue-eyed little girl.

When the day arrived for my wife and baby to come home, I was strangely thrilled. As I held the child in my arms and crossed the threshold of our home—a home I had bought through my own efforts—I realized that this was the crowning achievement of all I had struggled for during the nine years since I had left that hell on earth in the wastelands of the South. Peace, comfort, love, security—all a man could possibly ask for, and all made possible through the kindness and understanding of countless people who hadn't even known me and who wouldn't recognize me if they saw me on the street today. . . .

AFTER long delay I was informed that my Hollywood script had been accepted. I put the movie money into the house, which considerably reduced the mortgage. Our home, with the sounds of baby Frances resounding within its walls, is our luxury. I'm still plugging along, just making a living, and creating a little employment for others. I don't want a million dollars, or a hundred thousand, or half that. I want the right to earn an existence by my own efforts, to keep my wife and daughter proud of me, and to help those less fortunate than I, if I can. And I want the State of Georgia some day to give me a pardon or parole, so that the name of my daughter's father will be clear.

I think that I have proved not once but twice, to the satisfaction of sane, human, and intelligent opinion, that I have a right to commutation of that sentence from which I fled. I think that I have proved my right to live among decent people. And, as I understand it, that's one of the reasons there are prisons—to protect decent folk from those not fit to be at large.

Georgia has steadfastly refused to grant me a pardon or parole. I'm willing to make a deal with Georgia, through the pages of this magazine. If that state can show to an unprejudiced jury just one good reason why society at large would benefit in any way by my serving out my sentence, I'll willingly go back to the chain gang tomorrow!

THE END



WAR PROBLEMS

That Face the UNITED STATES



Could the U. S. defend itself today? No, says our army-plan chief, and we're in danger!

BY
WALTER
KARIG

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

COULD America defend itself today?

No, says the one man in the United States Army whose special business it is to know. In any attack upon the United States, the Army could put into the field for instant action only 60,000 trained troops, and those with only about *three fourths* of the equipment needed to wage modern war.

That man is Brigadier General George V. Strong, assistant chief of staff commanding the war plans division. His estimate is on the optimistic side.

And what about our Navy?

Acting Secretary of the Navy Charles Edison has just given Liberty's readers a report on it. The gist of which is that the Navy is, or soon will be, a match for any nation's in any one ocean. Our entire seacoast is being rimmed with airplane, submarine, and destroyer bases, and our West Indian possessions are being fortified. In a couple of years, at most, the continental United States will be navally impregnable.

In a couple of years—and provided nobody blows up the Panama Canal with a tanker load of T. N. T., thus either dividing the Navy or confining it to one coast.

Who is going to attack us? We do

not know that anybody is, of course. The necessarily anonymous naval and military strategists speak even among themselves of "an Eastern power" and a "Western combination." Yet what these phrases mean is no real secret.

How can we be attacked? Your correspondent has reported to you in previous articles from Washington that we are open to assault from the air by raiders operating from emergency bases established in Latin America and possibly eastern Canada and Greenland. The best trained military and naval brains in the United States are worrying about that.

A direct attack upon continental United States by an enemy bent upon seizing and occupying American territory is ruled out as impossible. From the Army general staff and the Navy's operations staff comes the estimate that more than 250 ocean liners would be needed to transport an effective army of invasion to the United States—and there are not that many potential troopships afloat. A navy as big as Britain's and France's combined would be needed to escort them, and the invaders could not land until the American Navy was wiped out—which is nobody's cinch. Thereafter

all the food, munitions, and ammunition the invader needed would have to be transported from across the seas.

Then why do we need an army of size? Has not President Roosevelt himself said that America's armies shall not be sent to European battlefields? Is another American Expeditionary Force being secretly planned?

Definitely not. I have the most positive and emphatic assurance to that effect from men who could not lie—service men and civilian officials. But I am told that it is entirely conceivable that an American army will have to be sent out of the continental United States in this country's defense. But not to Europe!

"Just suppose," my informants say, "that air bases were established in the Western Hemisphere by a potential enemy, as we expect is possible. The purpose would be, of course, to bomb our big industrial cities and to destroy the dozen and a half vital bridges and railroad concentrations on the Mississippi.

"Antiaircraft defenses, even if we had them, could not be our sole means

of combating an aerial invasion. For one thing, 40 per cent effectiveness of artillery fire against airplanes is the highest score we can figure on. And 600 out of 1,000 airplanes could do an awful lot of permanent damage.

"No; we would have to attack their bases. And here is how they might obtain those bases. Let us figure on a 'combination of Western Powers' operating against the United States from Europe. Under very favorable conditions we can imagine a base being established on the northern littorals of the St. Lawrence River, with a base of supplies in Greenland. A greater possibility is in basing operations in South America. Let's say X Province in the Republic of Hidalgo, there, revolts under totalitarian guidance and announces its love and affection for the European Dictatorship of Centralia. If all went according to plan, Centralia would have 2,000 airplanes ready to hop the middle Atlantic to this insurrectionist province in Hidalgo, where fuel and munitions had been quietly assembled. Inside of seventy-two hours those airplanes would be over the United States.

"No matter where such an enemy base might be, *we would have to destroy it*. We would bomb it from the air. But bombing, however effective, is not possession. The whole story behind the need for an effective army for the United States is the ultimate necessity of sending it anywhere in the Western Hemisphere to quell any aggression against our country at its source.

"Besides, we need garrisons of troops for Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico."

Almost anybody can figure out a dozen other reasons why the United States should be militarily prepared, especially at this crucial stage in world history; but an All-American Expeditionary Force is a new one.

THE Navy could give a good accounting of itself against any one-ocean attack on the United States. An attack on both coasts is something nobody cares to think about, because most of our new big modern ships won't be ready for action until 1942 or 1943.

The Panama Canal, our life line, is the link between military and naval defense. Let us now consult General Strong on that.

"This area is too well armed to fear an attack by surface vessels alone," he says. "But the Canal is vulnerable to sabotage. It is open to air attack, and to attack by ground forces transported in sufficient numbers to within a short distance of the Canal Zone.

"Countermeasures necessitate eternal vigilance in the operation of the Canal, in the maintenance in the Canal Zone of air units capable of handling satisfactorily any hostile air development within a reasonable radius of the Canal, and in the prompt reinforcing of the Canal Zone the instant an emergency happens."

The quotations from General

Strong are copied from a typewritten manuscript dictated by him.

What about those reinforcements, General? What is our military strength today, in men and equipment?

"As of January, 1, 1939, we had a regular army of but 165,000 men, of which approximately 40,000 were stationed in our overseas possessions. Of the 125,000 left in continental United States approximately 25,000 were absorbed in service troops and overhead.

"Of the 100,000 remaining, some 12,000 consisted of air corps units, 9,000 of Coast Artillery for *partially* manning our harbor defenses, some 10,000 cavalry largely along our southern border, and some 6,000 of the Quartermaster, Signal, Engineer, and Ordnance Departments, engaged primarily in service duties in connection with the remaining 60,000 men who were assigned to the various mobile units.

"These 60,000 men formed the nuclei of what appeared, on paper, to be four infantry divisions and five infantry brigades, but *not a single one* of which was capable of immediately taking the field. . . . Each division and brigade lacked some essential elements; for instance, each field artillery battalion was short one battery. . . .

"Many infantry regiments, which constitute the backbone of a mobile force, had only two battalions instead of three. Medical regiments lacked ambulance, hospital, or collecting companies. Engineer battalions lacked one or more companies. Only *one* field signal battalion existed in the Army. Motor transportation was seriously short even for the organization in existence.

"We had in the Army some 1,200 combat planes, approximately *half* of which were modern. We had few automatic or semiautomatic rifles. We were short of machine guns and practically devoid of antitank guns. We were short of tanks and of medium and heavy artillery; half our light artillery had not been modernized by providing it with up-to-date high-speed towing carriages. Anti-aircraft artillery, seriously inadequate in amount, was short of essential equipment. Arsenal were handicapped by obsolete machinery. Reserves of essential items, such as ammunition, were wholly inadequate. . . .

"As a nation we have not yet realized that the most effective insurance for peace is the maintenance of an adequate, well equipped, well trained force capable of being used instantly."

Instantly—there's the rub. In 1917 it took more than a year of intense effort, the expenditure of more than \$10,000,000,000, before we had a fighting force in France. Would anybody attacking the United States now wait a year for us to get ready?

What General Strong says of our preparedness in January is still largely true today. We have more airplanes, a little more antiaircraft

mechanism. But remember General Hugh A. Drum's outspoken disgust with the army's inefficiency after the August maneuvers!

General Pershing recommended that we have a standing army of 280,000 men. Congress has authorized an Army of 220,000. Today it has reached a total strength of 186,000, and it will not reach its maximum until next June unless the program is stepped up.

Men without equipment do not constitute an army. For our 186,000 men we have 12,000 modern Garand automatic rifles; the rest are 1904-model Springfields. By next June we will have about 35,000 new rifles.

We have about one seventh the number of tanks necessary for an army as small as ours.

Our 155-mm. field artillery guns would be the best in the world if we had some. We have *twelve*, and we should have four hundred.

Our total Army, Navy, and Marine Corps aviation strength is about 4,000 airplanes, of which 2,500 are fit to fight. Germany has 10,000 and Italy 6,000; Britain has 5,000 and France half as many. Under the present construction program the United States will have a combined airplane force of 5,500 sky fighters—in July, 1941! But will it have the pilots and, as important, the mechanics? There are 21,000 men in the Army Air Corps today, and the minimum need by military standards is 48,000.

ALL these are figures obtained from official sources. I'm not the expert; I'm telling you what I am told.

While the Army is being expanded, the Navy personnel is being increased from 115,000 to 127,000 to man newly completed ships, and the Marine Corps likewise is enlarged to a total of 22,000.

But what about the National Guard?

Inefficient as the Regular Army showed itself in the fall maneuvers, it ran rings around the militia. General Drum found that many of the National Guard officers could not even read a map, and that efficiency and morale was "deplorable and inexcusable." Much of this is the fault, not of the civilian soldiers, but of the Regular Army, the War Department, and Congress. And the National Guard is poorly equipped. On paper the militia would augment our ready fighting force by 205,000 men, and its strength has been authorized to achieve 210,000 by next June. But if 25,000 were fit and equipped to fight within a week after a declaration of war, the experts would be surprised.

Congress, of course, decrees how much money should be spent on the national defense, how many men should be in the protective units, how they are to be equipped. Congress it was, too, that believed *last August 10* that there would be no general war in Europe.

Well, all right! Your congressman is supposed to do what *you* tell him.

THE END

Gordon gave a cry of rage.
The attendants jumped on
him. They beat him merci-
lessly with their fists.



ILLUSTRATED BY
PHIL LYFORD

THE SHADOW OF THE MASTER

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

PART THREE—THE "CURE"

A HEAVY boot in his ribs jerked Gordon McArdle back to consciousness. Another kick, in the groin, caused him to double up with pain and shriek out in agony.

A harsh word of command in German, then brutal fists pulled him to his feet. The American stood there, swaying from side to side, and watched, with a fascinated sort of horror, the blood from his severed finger dripping down on the dusty floor.

"Captain McArdle!"

Dazedly the Virginian looked up. "Yes . . . ?"

He saw Prince von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck staring at him, and was more appalled than frightened at the naked saturnine passion of hate in the Prussian colonel's face. A cold nausea came over Gordon.

Yet the other's speech, a second later, was icy, calm, reserved; and this calm made the face more terrible still—so contrasted were voice and appearance.

"You killed my son," the German began, "and for that I cannot blame you, since he might have killed you."

Now, on the heels of horror, new drama strikes in a stirringly powerful novel

BY **ACHMED ABDULLAH** and **ANTHONY ABBOT**

Authors of *Flower of the Gods*, etc.

The fortunes of war! And man"—here was the blood-and-iron creed to which he held sincerely and staunchly—"was created for war, for the conflict of wills. But war"—his voice rose—"must be clean! It *must* be honorable!"

He paused.

"Clean," he repeated, and his words cut into Gordon's soul, searing it, emphasizing his black shame, his bleak remorse, "and honorable! And you—you are not clean!" The blue eyes looked at the American coolly, minutely, as if examining some interesting and repelling thing. "You are not honorable. . . ."

His icy unnatural calmness left him—as, temporarily, his English left him—and a great vein stood out between his brows.

"Ach!" he cried shrilly. "*Sie gemeiner Schuft* . . ."

He lunged forward, saber in hand. With an effort, he controlled himself.

lieutenant, you will arrange for his immediate transfer to prison camp B-44. Tell me"—to the Virginian—"you have heard of B-44?"

Gordon paled slightly. He had heard of the place!

Indeed, these last few months, through reports brought by escaped prisoners of war as well as through grim grapevine rumors blown across no man's land, news had drifted to the American lines that this particular German detention camp, situated on the outskirts of the little Rhine town of Hohenberg, was a veritable hell upon earth. Major Wolfgang Metzger, the officer in command, was, by all accounts, hated and feared for his unspeakable cruelty—possibly the very man for the job, at least on the theory that a successful psychiatrist must be half mad himself to understand his patients and know how to cope with them. . . .

Gordon remembered a man whom

He swung on his heel, barked an order in staccato guttural German, and, the soldiers falling in behind him, strode from the room. Only one man remained, a bovine, red-faced, rawboned Pomeranian peasant in an ill-fitting Uhlan uniform, stiffly erect on the threshold, the short cavalry carbine resting threateningly in the crook of his elbow. . . .

Gordon shrugged his shoulders. He was no longer afraid, although he felt sure that he had reached the end of his rope. Probably this end would be an official notification, through the intermediary of a neutral Red Cross, that Captain Gordon McArdle, U. S. Army, Tenth Virginians—home papers please copy—had been shot and killed by a German sentinel while trying to escape.

That's how it would be. And—well—better die with a bullet in his lungs than be slowly driven insane, as had happened to that Pierre Leroux.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHILE the curious and awed crowd in the Yankee Stadium listens to Captain McArdle deliver his electrifying message on "Jesus the Lord of Peace wants to see you," a young man in the audience pushes his way forward to shoot the speaker, but is felled himself by some unknown power. Taken to a Dr. Robinson, who had come to hear the sensational prophet, he is at a loss to explain the seizure.

Two writers present sense that there may be a big story in the offing, quiz the physician, and meet a mysterious woman who is persuaded to tell what she knows about the past life of McArdle, the man now puzzling New York.

"No, no," he continued. "I—I cannot. I cannot kill a prisoner. Even you, Captain McArdle"—and there was no bitter, savage irony in the remark; he was stating a fact of which he was convinced, and again Gordon's shame and remorse deepened—"would not stoop to such a thing. And yet," slowly, considering, "there is the matter of my son's ring . . . the matter of a ghoul robbing the dead on the battlefield. There must be punishment. Just punishment. . . ."

He was silent. A gray chill of fear entered Gordon.

The colonel saw it. He smiled, thinly, malignantly, and addressed his adjutant:

"Lieutenant von Hohenau!"

The latter saluted.

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Oberst?*"

"We will speak English, lieutenant, so that Captain McArdle may not miss a word. Captain McArdle is a despoiler of the dead. Therefore a criminal—no . . .? But," with the same thin malignant smile, "he is perhaps—how do you say?—*verrückt*. . . ."

"Insane," prompted the younger officer.

"That's it! Insane. We must give him the benefit of the doubt. So,

Born in Virginia, Gordon McArdle as a wild lad ran away from home after knocking down his tyrannical grandfather. Became more or less of a vagabond, cynical and tough. Enlisted in the World War and was made a captain. While fighting in France, he made love to pretty Yvonne Durand, a nurse. It was an entertaining game to him, but the girl lost her heart completely to the American soldier.

During an attack, McArdle's men captured a German aristocrat who bluntly refused them any and all information about himself or his unit. Suddenly there was an earth-shattering explosion. Only McArdle and the German prisoner

he had seen at Lamaze, in the hospital there. Yvonne had been his nurse. A French soldier, of some colonial regiment, who had made his getaway from B-44.

A man who had lost every last semblance of humanity. A filthy, driveling beast.

Yet there was another French soldier who had known him half a year earlier, who had said:

"This Pierre Leroux—he was not crazy, I assure you. Maybe a bit shell-shocked. *Mais enfin*—aren't we all? But—crazy? *Alors non!*"

The American recalled it. He bit his lip. And Prince von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck must have read what was passing through his mind.

"I see," he went on, "that Major Metzger's reputation has preceded him. Very well. I shall write to him personally. I shall instruct him to take especially good care of you. He—who knows?—may be able to cure you."

He turned to go. Then, as the adjutant whispered something to him, he inclined his head.

"I'd almost forgotten!" he exclaimed. "War must be kept humane. Of course. I shall send a doctor to you, Captain McArdle, to look after your wounds."

were left alive. Driven almost insane by the holocaust, the American killed his helpless captive and, seeking his identity, found as a clue to it a heavy gold seal ring, which he put on his own little finger.

As he dragged himself on to Lamaze to report to D. H. Q., he was haunted by his unpardonable crime. Half dead, he arrived only to discover the Germans in possession of the little town. A Uhlan officer, Prince Leopold von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck, capturing McArdle, recognized his son's ring. In a blaze of fury he lifted a saber and severed the finger of the American.

"You killed my son!" he shouted.

Nothing to be done about it. Cursing wouldn't help any. Yelling and gnashing one's teeth wouldn't help. And—he was all too certain of it—praying wouldn't help. Death, after all, came to everybody.

Besides, he had enjoyed life. Not a long life. In his early twenties. And some tough times. Still, you bet he had enjoyed it. Plenty fun. Plenty wine. Plenty song. Plenty laughter. And plenty women!

Yvonne Durand, for instance! She had been nuts about him: especially about his laughter; his rollicking American sense of humor.

He thought of Yvonne in this uncomfortable hour.

Sweet kid. With her cute short nose a little tilted, her mouth a little too wide for beauty but soft and red. And how that mouth could kiss! Even on that last night at Lamaze—the night before he had been sent back to the front trenches—the way she had kissed him, through her tears; her heartbroken cry:

"*Bon Dieu!* What will become of me?"

For a moment the memory of her slim white body stirred him sensuously. He seemed to feel the magic of her perfume, her touch, with the blurred indistinctness of overwhelm-

ing desire. And then, queerly, the next instant desire left him, and he was conscious of regret, almost sorrow. Regret and sorrow—like darkness in his soul, icy chill in the marrow of his bones. . . .

He swallowed hard.

Almighty heaven—he had been rather cynical that last night when she had told him in a stammering whisper, as she had before, that he had been the first man she had loved.

Maybe she had spoken the truth. What of it?

And yet—he needn't have put it into words. Coarse it had been. Cruel. The more so as he was fond of her. Mighty fond. . . .

Fond?

He—why—he loved her!

The realization that he did came to him in these inappropriate circumstances with the shock of a sudden revelation.

Yes. He *did* love her—love for always and a day . . . and he reflected:

If I could live life over again! If I could meet her again! I'd make it up to her—with tenderness and affection and loyalty and decency and . . ."

He interrupted his thoughts.

Gosh, he told himself, he was getting sloppy. First thing he knew, he'd be bursting forth into sentimental poetry.

HE laughed; and the Uhlan on the threshold stared at him sternly and shouted:

"Halten Sie die Fresse, Amerikaner!"

Guy must mean for him to shut his trap. Laughter, evidently, was contrary to Kaiser Wilhelm's army regulations.

O. K. No use getting into an argument with a guy who carried a carbine.

He sat down. He thought:

I know what I'll do: I'll write Yvonne. Tell her that I love her—have always loved her. Want her to know it before I die. . . .

Die . . . ?

The hell he was going to die! Let those Prussians, including Major Metzger, drive him haywire?

You bet he was going to live! And so all he'd write Yvonne would be that he loved her; that he was a prisoner and wanted her to wait for him, nor fall for another fellow, or else he'd spank her; and then, when the war was over, they were going to get married—settle down in Virginia somewhere—have children and . . .

Right!

Only—*how* was he going to write? Should he ask the colonel for permission? No dice. That Heinie would get a kick out of saying no.

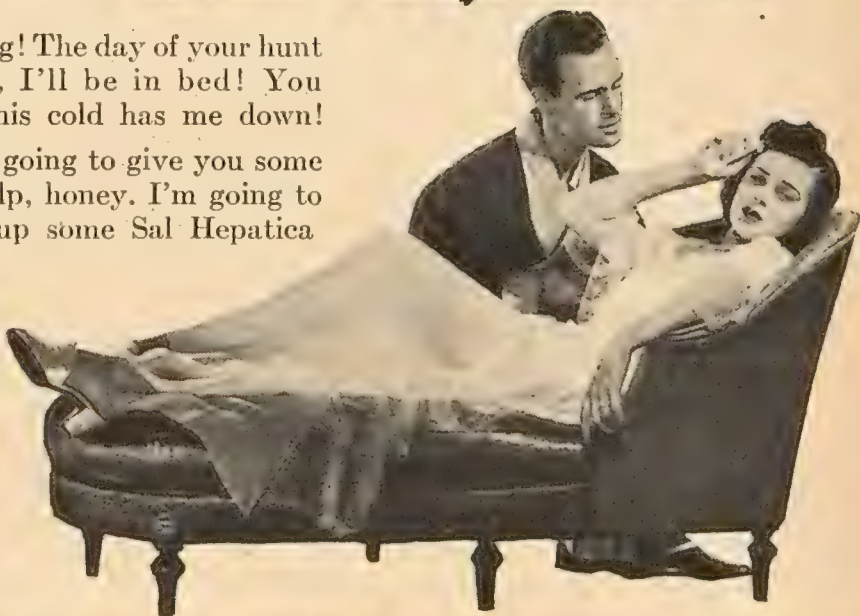
Still—he considered—there was bound to be a way. And he found it an hour or so later, after Dr. Oppenheimer, the German army doctor, had dressed his wounds.

The latter was a Jew with a kindly ugly face and tired brown eyes and a slow smile that spoke of suffering. He listened to Gordon's demand.

Knock a COLD faster with Sal Hepatica

MRS.: Oh, darling! The day of your hunt cup race, I'll be in bed! You watch! This cold has me down!

MR.: Then I'm going to give you some speedy help, honey. I'm going to mix you up some Sal Hepatica



MRS.: Speedy? You mean . . . it helps fast?

MR.: Yes, Sal Hepatica helps fast—two ways. First, it's quick yet gentle in its laxative action—and speed is important in fighting a cold. In addition, it helps Nature counteract the acidity that usually accompanies a cold.



MR.: Honey, no wonder we won. With you flashing that smile at us, Coral Strand and I just *had* to win!

MRS.: Well, I'd probably still have been home nursing a cold, if it hadn't been for you and your glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. From now on, my motto is "To lose a cold quicker, take Sal Hepatica."

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E.S.T.

"All right," he replied. "I vill do dat for you. I vill gif your letter to de Red Cross. Of course you know dat it vill be censored?"

"Nothing censorable in proposing marriage to a girl, doc!"

"Vell," laughed the other, "dat's up to der girl. . . ."

THAT same evening, handcuffed between two slightly wounded German soldiers, Gordon started on his journey toward the prison camp. By truck first, across France. Then by railway, in a cattle car, through Germany's Rhine province, a Germany that, in this year of 1917, was different from that of 1914, and different, too, from the battle front.

Steel at the front. Poison gas at the front, and H. E. shells and flame throwers and Mills bombs and naval howitzers and miraculously camouflaged gun emplacements.

Orders at the front. Base headquarters orders and divisional orders and lines-of-communications orders and orders bellowed by a mere lance corporal.

Men at the front. Men who did things, real things, red things, bestial, filthy, splendid things.

Casualty lists at the front.

Death at the front. And liquid mire. And stench. And bravery. And glory.

But back of the front no glory.

Instead, the beginning of fear.

Hearts growing cold with fear, as stomachs grew cold with hunger. No more butter or sugar or eggs—except for millionaires. Meat cards. Cards for bread made of chopped straw. Milk cards. Thin blue cards entitling you to buy thin blue milk. Evil-smelling milk for little babies. Milk that poisoned and killed little babies.

Disease. Tuberculosis, anemia, syphilis.

Crowded hospitals where first-year medical students performed major operations.

Rumors of grave supernatural portents. The roses in the garden of Cologne Cathedral struck by a queer black blight. The marble statue of the Virgin in the bishop's chapel at Hohenberg shedding tears of blood night after night.

War profiteers and patrioteers crossing the Swiss border with their motorcars, their jewels, their mistresses, their fantastic indecent gains.

Famous German duty and efficiency and discipline no longer a blessing but a burden.

And as the rumors drifted in—rumors of smashing defeats, of thousands slain, other thousands captured, of a battleship scuttled, a strike in a munitions factory, an Imperial Highness grossly insulted by a Socialist deputy—as rumors proved to be facts and facts piled up tragically, Teutonic vaingloriousness gave way to doubt. And fear grew.

Still the bombastic chorus:

"Deutschland über alles!"

Still the racial pseudo-religious creed: "Indeed we are the chosen, the elect!"

But—they asked themselves—how can we, we alone, fight a world in arms, and at the same time defend our worthless Allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey?

We are surrounded, encircled.

Every one's hand—God knows why—is against us.

And so, stronger than fear, was hate. Hate chiefly against the latest enemy, the Americans. The Americans—with their strangling rope of gold, their almighty dollars.

Ach Gott! If the Americans had only kept out! We'd have been in Paris by now! In London! In Rome! In Moscow! We'd have forced the British king to shout "*Hoch der Kaiser!*" and the French to goose-step to the tune of *Die Wacht am Rhein*.

And we'd have repaid, with interest and double interest, those slippery, treacherous Italian *Schweinehunde* for stabbing us in the back.

If the Americans had only kept out!

Wild tribes—some of these Americans. Savages. Painted Red Indians with feathers in their hair.

And when they catch a German soldier, they scalp him, burn him at the stake.

Everybody knows it. There was an article about it, only last week, in the *Morgen Zeitung*.

"Ach Gott, how they hated the Americans! . . ."

And so, as Gordon, on the last lap of his journey, reached Hohenberg and stepped out on the railway station platform, as the people recognized the olive-drab uniform, there was, at once, a surge forward of men and women; a shrill yelling:

"An American!"

"Kill him!"

Hysterical shrieks, louder and louder, bloating in an obscene fervor: "*Gott strafe Amerika!*"

A tangle of wild pale faces, of waving arms. And again, still louder, throbbing with an immense and terrible rhythm:

"Kill him!"

Gordon stepped back, dragging with him the two German soldiers to whom he was shackled and who were as shocked as he. Gordon was not frightened but he was deeply shaken at such hatred. He was conscious of sickening discouragement, of a desire to vomit, of sweat spurting from his pores, chilling his brows and spine. These people—with their vicious rage-distorted faces . . . they put him in mind of something he had seen, as a boy, in Virginia, when a Negro had been accused of a crime against a white woman, and a mob had stormed the jail.

A mob, reacting to ferine prurient passion. Insane, as this German mob was insane—and the cries of hate no longer strident and distinct but a blurred cacophony.

A LITTLE schoolgirl—she could not have been more than fourteen—picked up a brown sticky clod of mud. She threw it, striking Gordon in the mouth. An elderly bespectacled

well dressed man threw a stone. It cut a thin scarlet furrow across the American's forehead.

The sight of blood. It was what they needed.

They rushed forward in a thick mass, men and women, panting and slobbering. More stones were thrown and hit the mark; and then, suddenly, a high voice:

"Zurück, Kanaille!"

An officer in a Hussar uniform had hurried up. His right arm was in a sling. But his left unsheathed the sword and, with the flat of the blade, belabored impartially the heads and chests of men and women.

"Zurück, Vieh! Zurück! Sie gemeine! . . ."

Swish! swish! swish! swish!—the steel theme of the blade. Screams of pain. But this man wore the Emperor's uniform. Who would dare touch him? And so, finally, rather sheepishly, the mob turned tail, receded, broke into a lumbering gallop as the officer chased them before him and off the station platform as if they were a drove of cattle.

THAT'S what he called them when he walked up to Gordon.

"Cattle," he said; and, affected Oxford diction clashing amusingly with guttural German accent, he added: "Bloody civilian cattle. Cads—what? Jolly awful bounders. Don't know how to play the game. Not like us soldiers."

"Not like us soldiers," agreed the Virginian, with a wrench in his soul as he remembered the prisoner whom he had killed.

The Hussar offered his cigarette case.

"Smoke?"

"I don't see how . . ."

Gordon raised his wrists, showing the manacles; and at once the other grew embarrassed.

"Oh"—he stammered—"are you for B-44?"

"Yes."

"Sorry. Beastly sorry—by Jove!—whatever the reason you're being sent there! Well," with that same clashing of Oxford diction and German accent, "keep a stiff jaw, old chap!"

He accompanied Gordon to the street. There, at the very last, as the American and the two soldier guards climbed into the rickety automobile that would take them the rest of the way, he asked a strange question:

"Love your country?"

"Of course."

"So do I love mine. And quite proper, I fancy. Still, to fight, to kill, to hate—because of love . . . doesn't seem exactly reasonable—what?"

The words echoed in Gordon's brain as the car pulled out toward the suburbs of Hohenberg:

"To fight, to kill, to hate—because of love . . . doesn't seem exactly reasonable. . . ."

He recalled what he had been taught in school:

"My country—right or wrong!"

Must be so. A great man had said

it. Great men believe in it; they had preached it.

And yet, he reflected, a billion years ago, when a cave man had disliked the shape of his neighbor's nose, or envied him his cave because it was deep and dry and snug, or lusted after his wife because her hips were broad and her hair corn-yellow, had not he, too, exclaimed something to the same effect, "My country—right or wrong!" and, by token of his slogan, had he not taken his stone ax and brained his neighbor; and had not the latter's friends and relatives promptly slain the aggressor; and had not the aggressor, in his turn, had friends and relatives; and, presently, had they not all been at the killing, hell-for-leather?

And now the cave men were forgotten; had been forgotten—as was the original cause of their quarrel—a billion years or so. But their descendants were still at the hating, the killing—in France, in Mesopotamia, in the Balkans, on the Russian frontier, the Italian, the Egyptian, and on the seven seas. . . .

All loving their country—the living and the wounded and the dying.

Even the dead.

Men of a dozen races, a dozen nations. All—pathetically, sardonically—one in death. All smeared with the same crimson stinking brush. Prussian *Junkers* and kilted Scots lairds. Stevedores from Hamburg and vintners from Burgundy and Tuscany. Magyar noblemen and slit-eyed Siberian Kalmucks. Fox-hunting Galway squires and painted tattooed Senegalese. Yorkshire yokels and Bavarian peasants. Bearded turbaned Rajputs and proper gentlemen from Boston's Back Bay and black Alabama field hands.

All loving their country; killing and being killed, hating and being hated, because they loved. And that seemed sure enough silly to Gordon. Silly. And—wrong.

For Christ, he thought—he who had not thought of Christ since Sunday-school days back home in Virginia—was supposed to be the Lord of peace. The Lord of love He was—and how could love be an excuse for strife?

He interrupted his reflections as an elbow nudged him, as one of the two soldiers pointed at a tall white-washed wall that stretched for miles, and said:

"*Hier sind wir, Amerikaner!*"

B-44!

The gates opened. They shut behind Gordon with a little dry click of finality.

YEARS later, when a certain beautiful woman asked McArdle about his life at the camp, he merely shook his head, although he loved her. How could he tell her? It was, but for a few events that stood out starkly, just a blurred indistinct palette—with suffering beyond power of words; degradation beyond the power of sane imagining; with thousands of men, the mephitic dregs of humanity, squeezed into a couple of acres; and

Double load of flavor

best in a pipe..best in a cigarette..that's VELVET

Velvet

Better Smoking Tobacco

—for MILDNESS
fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood

—the FLAVOR
of pure maple sugar for extra good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette

Better tobacco for both

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difficult to decide who were most bestial: the prisoners of war or their jailers.

Degenerates, the former, or criminally insane. Most had not been so originally; had, some of them, been sent to B-44 for punishment, as had Gordon McArdle. There they had become as the others in the course of time—here, among the sweepings of half the world's gutters; with vice and disease rife; dirt of soul even more terrible than dirt of body; and Major Wolfgang Metzger, the commander, the lowest of the low.

Of course—Gordon came to think afterward—it is easy, and dangerous, to overcolor, to pile high light on high light and shadow on shadow. But—he added—it would have been impossible to paint Major Metzger's character a richer deeper black than it was; the man was indeed unhealthy and unsavory—fabulously so, grotesquely so; he was an exaggeration in infamy, hyperbole in sadistic cruelty.

For instance, when, in his office, half an hour after the American's arrival, he said to him:

"I heard from Prince von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck. He asks that you should receive—ah—special treatment."

And he stepped forward; spat in the Virginian's face.

GORDON gave a cry of rage. His fist lashed out, struck the other on the point of the jaw; and at once the attendants jumped on him. They beat him mercilessly, with their fists, their clubbed rifles.

The major barked an order in German. They dragged Gordon out of the room, along the corridor, down a flight of stairs. They opened a door; kicked him across the threshold.

He found himself in a small dungeon, four by five. No air, except the little which came through a narrow slit high in one of the walls. No furniture of any sort. No latrine. No food. No water. Stifling heat.

Three days of it. Then again they brought him before the commander; and again he spat in Gordon's face.

But this time the latter did not raise a hand. For in his cell, in spite of the torture of heat and hunger and thirst and lack of air, he had made an iron resolution. He would not die here in B-44; nor would he be driven insane. The war would end sooner or later; he would be released; and then—the first thing—he would kill the Prussian.

He said so in a low voice.

"Some day I shall kill you. I shall kill you slowly, with my bare hands."

The other laughed.

"So you think you will survive? Clear proof that you are insane—*nicht wahr?* And, with your threat to kill me, dangerously insane. Also—strait jacket!"

And strait jacket it was. In the same cubicle with two others, also trussed up in stout canvas and leather. Both French colonial soldiers. A plum-colored Senegalese who

wept incessantly, and a mad Arab who, without stopping and hour after hour, yelled: "Allah! Allah! Allah!—yah Allah! . . ."

By the end of the month they took Gordon out. They put him to work—McArdle the Virginian—among the crapulous riffraff of French West African soldiers, black savages fetid and peccant with unspeakable moral and physical corruption. They forced him to do the filthiest, most menial tasks. They punished him severely at the slightest provocation; and, naturally, the other prisoners—fawning, abject, cowardly—took their cue from Major Wolfgang Metzger.

Gordon's body was covered with bruises and sores. His ribs showed. His clothes were grimy viscous rags. His was a daily Gethsemane. But he held tight and hard to his iron resolve that he must carry on somehow; that he must survive, nor be driven insane. Because of his hate against the commander, and because of his love for Yvonne.

He wondered if she had received the message which he had sent her by the kindly German army physician. And one afternoon he found out, when he was summoned to the office and saw in Major Metzger's hand the letter which he had written.

Slowly the man tore it into pieces.

"I see," he said, "that you wrote to a French harlot. We do not permit such things. It is not good for our—well, our patients' morals."

Gordon did not reply.

"Didn't you hear me? A French harlot—I repeat."

Still Gordon did not reply; and the commander laughed.

"Learned your lesson, eh? No more pride! No more manhood! Almost cured. *Na—das ist schön.*"

He picked up a riding whip that lay on the desk and slashed the prisoner across the face. A face like a gray mask. For the American knew that his only weapons were silence and patience and self-restraint.

All things—he had read somewhere—came to him who waited. And some day—yes!—some day the waiting would be at an end; and he would sate his revenge, his hate.

And his love . . . ?

That, he told himself, could never be sated.

And he would think of his love, of Yvonne. Would think of her during the dirt and torture and degradation of the passing days. Would dream of her at night; of her arms so white and generous; her face like a mirror of stars; her soft words:

"*Je t'adore, gros chéri!*"

His love for her was like a wind at his heels, riding him to glorious heights. It was an ecstasy; a psychic ecstasy that helped him to bear—everything.

And then one day the war was over, and what the world foolishly called peace came at last.

It came with Germany collapsing like a pricked toy balloon; with Humpty Dumpty's fantastic patriotic

antics no longer applauded by the populace—how could they applaud, since their hands were weak from starvation?—but soundly hissed. It came because minds were dry as tinder waiting for a spark; and in Moscow a little man in a derby hat and with decayed teeth—his name was Lenin—exclaiming:

"Here's the match for you! Its ingredients are misery and hunger and hate and lies! Its trade-mark is Bolshevism! Its inventor was Karl Marx! Strike this match anywhere—against royal palace or royal corpse! It's positively guaranteed to burn! Light it, comrades! Light it, cowards! We Russians have done it! Why can't you?"

Oh, yes. German tinder. A match from Moscow. Not to forget a million or so young men, keen men, strong men in olive-drab from across the Atlantic. Nor to forget a clever politician—or, if you prefer, an inspired idealist—called Woodrow Wilson who poured oil on the flames by broadcasting that he believed in the "self-determination of nations, and peace with no indemnities and no annexations"; who presently went the Bible one better by preaching fourteen points instead of a mere Ten Commandments; and who nailed these fourteen points against the door of public opinion as Martin Luther had nailed his ninety-five articles against the church door at Wittenberg.

So the Emperor of Germany dashed across the border to seek refuge in Holland. The steel roar of the cannon gave way to the bronze roar of the cathedral bells booming *Te Deum*. Peace! To some, the news of it brought high clean hopes. To some it brought a strange reaction, a sort of numbness, an emotional letdown. To some it brought gaiety and happiness; to some, hot tears of happiness.

And to some it brought fear.

Fear, for instance, to Major Wolfgang Metzger.

A NUMBER of Allied missions, he knew, were on the way to arrange for the release of prisoners of war and inspect the camps. The majority, it being the German way, had been ruled with an iron fist yet with fairness and justice; and a very few, such as B-44, had been feculent sinks of vice and corruption.

Therefore, had he been a coward, he would have taken time by the forelock and run away. But, although a bully and a sadist, he was brave. Besides, there was his duty to the Emperor. The latter had shown the white feather; had abandoned the fatherland. All right. Here was one Imperial example which Major Wolfgang Metzger refused to follow.

So the day came when, standing rigidly at attention, his uniform freshly pressed and glittering with medals, he faced an Allied mission. It was, as it happened, a British military mission, under Colonel Sir James Sprague, C. B., D. S. O.; and its sole civilian (Continued on page 26)

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THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY with THE LUXURY RIDE
1940 PLYMOUTH!

(Continued from page 24) member was the Rev. Elisha Rogers, a small, lean, shortsighted Baptist clergyman from Delaware, whose dusty alpaca jacket and baggy trousers were illustrations of what the well dressed man should not wear.

The mission had heard about conditions at B-44. It had pertinent questions to ask and witnesses to examine—a task which turned out to be rather difficult. For if to millions of Germans peace, after years of slavish obedience, meant freedom to speak and think and act as individuals, not as the cogs of a huge machine, here in B-44—among the degenerates, the mentally diseased, the criminal riff-raff—peace meant the sudden and violent snapping of all shackles of restraint.

It meant licentiousness in its worst and most libidinous forms, now that German discipline was a thing of the past.

For days, prisoners and jailers had fraternized—the war was over, wasn't it?—and celebrated. There might be lack of meat and bread and butter and eggs. But no lack of beer and wine and cheap fiery spirits. No lack, presently, of women of the streets. And so there had been, these last forty-eight hours, an infamous belching, lust-stammering orgy the sounds of which drifted through the windows into the commander's office.

Complaints to make?

Not these men.

They were free—weren't they?—

free, free! Would soon return to their native cesspools.

And the German jailers? Well—it seemed to be the general judgment—they would drink with the best of them, raise hell with the best of them, eh? They were swell guys; or the equivalent of swell guys in French and Russian and Tonkinese and Arabic and half a dozen African dialects.

"Vive l'Allemagne!" — the hiccupy chorus outside.

Three cheers for German schnapps and broad-bosomed yellow-haired German women!

When, finally, Sir James Sprague succeeded in getting into the office and interviewing a few of the prisoners, he was slapped on the back and smackingly kissed on the lips by a reeling turbaned Moroccan; was called "*mon p'tit lapin bien aimé*" by a leering besotted Marseillais; while a gigantic black Senegalese, who showed the first symptoms of delirium tremens, vilified the dignified Englishman horribly.

MAJOR METZGER when at last the prisoners had been pushed back across the threshold, was conscious of a feeling of relief.

"You see?" he said to Sir James.

"Yes. I see."

"Degenerates. Criminal perverts. Schweine."

"Almost the same word in English. Swine. Bloody awful swine," agreed the colonel.

He yawned. He was more bored than disgusted. Quite so, these terrible tales about B-44. . . . He fancied it was the usual sort of thing: exaggerated reports; propaganda, like the cutting off of Belgian babies' hands. Fodder for civilian consumption.

Didn't like this German officer. Didn't like the look in his eyes.

Still, might as well give him a clean bill of health. Nothing else to be done, really. And he sat down at the table to write a short report. . . . And then the door opened and a man came in. A man who was stone-sober; who was clad in filthy rags; who was hollow-cheeked; who, on forehead and cheeks and bare chest, bore unmistakable marks of the whip; a man who, in spite of his outer appearance, was, somehow, most evidently a gentleman.

This man saluted stiffly. He introduced himself to the British colonel:

"Captain Gordon McArdle, sir. United States Army. Tenth Virginians."

And he stared at Major Wolfgang Metzger, whose beefy face was slowly turning a queer sickly gray. . . .

Is this to be the life-or-death showdown for which Gordon McArdle has been waiting? Can he wreak his vengeance now on the brutal Major Metzger? What form will it take? There is a soul-shattering moment in next week's Liberty, and you must be in on it.

WHO'S THE LIFE OF EVERY PARTY

?



THE CANDY BAR THAT'S RICH IN

Dextrose

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY
USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY

• Not Sue or Sam or Jack or Jane—but energy, the life of every party. Baby Ruth is fine, pure candy any time, all the time, and because it's rich in Dextrose, it provides real food-energy. Enjoy Baby Ruth every day at work or play.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

How BOB HOPE Got That Way

The sprightly saga of a wisecracking
aristocrat's swift rise to radio fame

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS



Hope (left) played
with Martha Raye
in Paramount's
Give Me a Sailor.

WITH a little less luck, Lester Townes Hope might have been Sir Lester Hope, seventeenth Baronet of Craighall. He might also have inherited the famous Hope Diamond, with all that its ownership implies. But he had so much luck that at four years of age he moved from London, England, to Cleveland, Ohio, and became an American citizen.

Today, at thirty-three, he doesn't own the Hope family's diamond, but he has proved himself the diamond of the Hope family just the same. He has something that none of his titled ancestors ever had. He has a Crossley. And to a radio star a good Crossley is more to be desired than precious jewels or a baronetcy.

For Crossley is the Old Doctor Gallup of radio polls. He is the man with the nice voice, who calls you on the telephone and asks you how you liked the Hello program Sunday night, and is the Old Maestro holding up, and is Gracie as nutty as she used to be.

To the radio performer—and, alas, to his sponsor!—his Crossley rating—or his Crossley, as he calls it—is the final answer to the question, "How'm I doin'?"—and the answer is sometimes bad.

It was bad, or at least none too good, for Lester Hope, alias Bob Hope, until about a year ago, when he suddenly began to go to town. Faced with the seemingly hopeless task of picking up the tooth-paste business where Amos 'n' Andy let it drop, he shot out like a liner from the two-ton bat of Jolting Joe DiMaggio, and landed in the Almanach de Gotha of Crossleyland. And so the almost seventeenth Baronet of Craighall became the actual radio sensation of 1939—following only Benny, Allen, and McCarthy in the listing of aristocrats of the air.

Young Lester—or Robert—began his professional career as a parachute jumper. At the age of six, he grabbed his father's Chamberlain and leaped from a second-story window into a sand pile in the back yard. The bump he got wasn't so bad, but the

licking he got, coming in the same place, persuaded him to adopt less hazardous methods of entertaining the public. I mean less hazardous to him. He sang soprano.

This went on for six years. Then his voice also took a parachute drop, and this time there was no sand pile to break the fall. People laughed when he tried to sing The End of a Perfect Day. Even his relatives laughed. But still he didn't know he was a comedian! That appalling fact dawned on him when he had to make a speech at a church social and, being a very bashful boy, he quite unintentionally pulled off something very like Bob Benchley's famous Treasurer's Report. He wowed the Ladies' Aid. He laid the deacons in the aisle. It wasn't what he said; it was, as we all now know, the way he said it.

Bob was sure now that he had something there, and was all for touring the county fairs and putting on his act between pigs. But Father Hope had acquired rude American ideas about the value of an education, so Bob went to high school instead. His scholastic achievements are unrecorded and by him unrecalled.

An extracurricular course in tap dancing seems to have made a much more lasting impression. As for athletics, Bob sums it all up in this inimitable way:

"I was the star hookey player," he says.

Bob persevered with his tap dancing. He figured that every step he took was one step nearer that next-to-closing spot at the New York Palace. But Father Hope by this time had so overcome his British distaste for being "in trade" that he had rustled his near-six-foot son a job selling automobiles. So once more "Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell."

"I never would have kept my job with the motor company," he says, "if they hadn't needed a master of ceremonies at the salesmen's meetings."

One day our motorized M. C. heard

that Fatty Arbuckle was coming to Cleveland for two weeks of personal appearances, and needed a couple of local acts to splice out his bill; so Bob teamed up with a neighbor boy, George Byrne, and won a chance to go on with a tap routine. Fatty liked the kids and recommended them to the manager of a tank-town traveling musical, with whom and which they promptly left town.

"It was good experience, that show," Hope recalls. "I danced, did a black-face act, sang in the quartet, doubled on the saxophone, and packed the scenery."

One night in Newcastle, Indiana, the house manager asked Hope if he would mind going out front Saturday night to tell the folks what next week's show was going to be. Would he mind! He'd be telling them yet, and the audience would still be rocking in their seats, if the Sunday closing law hadn't stepped in and stopped the monologue.

That night Bob Hope put away the dancing slippers and the burnt cork. He would be a master of ceremonies

Save a penny
here. Save a
penny there.
Only a few
are needed
to buy
Ticonderoga.
Then watch
office out-put
rise—costs go
down. Look
at the page
Ticonderoga
writes. It will
show you
why this is
the pencil
America writes
with—

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Only a nickel...

... and much less according to quantity... for a Ticonderoga pencil in any of five different degrees. For speedy firmness, get No. 2-5/10. For free-writing softness, No. 2. For extra softness, No. 1. For medium, No. 3. For small sharp words and figures, get No. 4.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Dept. 10-J10, Jersey City, N. J.

or die in the attempt. And he almost did—die, I mean.

"By the time I landed my first job," he says, "I had forgotten whether you cut steak with a knife or drank it out of a spoon."

That first job was a one-night fill-in at a small neighborhood theater in Chicago. Before the second show went on, the manager came backstage and told Bob that he would open the following Monday at the chain's downtown playhouse. The contract was for three days. Bob stayed six months. Then came Western and Midwestern big-time vaudeville; then New York.

Charles Dillingham, then at the height of his Broadway managerial fame, caught Hope's act at a vaude house and stuck him into his new musical, *The Sidewalks of New York*. Critics and public hated the show, loved Hope. Followed quickly *Ballyhoo*, *Roberta*, *Say When* with Harry Richman, *The Follies of 1936* with Fannie Brice, and finally *Red, Hot and Blue* with Ethel the Merman and Jimmy the Schnozzle.

THE last-named show brought Bob Hope his first big-time radio job—although of course, like almost everybody else who is radio tops today, he had previously debuted with Vallee. The program, *Rippling Rhythm Revue*, brought to the air for the first time Hope's girl-stooge creation, *Honeychile*, the original *Dead Head Kid*. It also brought Hope himself a chance to take a movie test on his own account.

"That test was a classic," he says. "My pencil-point chin and ski-jump nose were on the screen for five minutes before I appeared."

Nevertheless, even Paramount couldn't make the *Big Broadcast* of 1938 without some radio star, so they overlooked the chin and underlooked the nose and stuck music in the slit between, and called it *Thanks for the Memory*.

The night after the preview, *Thanks* was on the air eight times. It became the song of the month, one of the great songs of the season. And Hollywood learned what Broadway already knew: that this clipper-styled tosser of wit and cracker of wisdom was also the best new male plugger of songs since Rudy Vallee immortalized the *University of Maine Stein Song*.

Bob has so many talents that even his admirers sometimes forget that the change in his voice which turned him from a soprano into a Scaramouch was by no means *The End of a Perfect Day* for R. Hope as a singer. Before coming to Hollywood, he put over, so they stayed, *It's De-lovely*, in *Red, Hot and Blue*; *I Can't Get Started with You*, in the *Follies*; *You May Not Like It*, but *Don't Tell Me It Isn't Good*, in *Say When*; and *You're Devastating*, in *Roberta*.

Right now, in the picture *Some Like It Hot*, he has another hit almost of *Thanks* proportions in *The Lady's in Love with You*.

Bob is now working in Hollywood under a seven-year movie contract.

You can't imagine, unless you have been a vaudeville actor yourself, what that kind of security means to the migratory people of the five- and two-a-day. It means, above all, a home and a chance to raise a family. The Hopes haven't any children yet. But Mrs. Hope isn't discouraged. She still has Hope.

Bob and the missus live in the little community of Toluca Lake, over Calhuenaga Pass from Hollywood. After his performance in *Give Me a Sailor* he was officially designated Admiral of Toluca Lake. His place is so close to the third tee of the Lakeside Golf Club, where Bing Crosby and many other stars play, that Bob says he can stick his head out of the living-room window and spoil Bing's drive with a yell.

Mrs. Hope was Dolores Reade. Bob fell in love with her at first sight when she was singing at the Embassy Club in Miami, Florida, where he was vacationing after finishing *Roberta* in 1933. She is a Titian blonde who is occasionally heard on network broadcasts from Hollywood as a vocalist.

This last summer the Hopes, after a triumphant personal-appearance tour from coast to coast, took ship for England and a long visit with the Hopes of Craighall, especially with Grandpa Hope, from whom Bob inherits his tireless energy.

"Grandpa is ninety-three and still rides a bicycle," Bob reports; "and look at me—I can hardly walk."

Bob's closest friend in Hollywood is Bing Crosby, and Bob shares Bing's enthusiasm for the horses. But he is no more successful as a bettor than Bing is as an owner—and this fact is referred to frequently in his radio conversations.

ONE night when Patsy Kelly came on the program after her long fast, Bob got a sugar lump of comfort by envisaging one horse race in which no one could lose.

"Patsy, it's swell seeing you again," he began. "You're so nice and slender now. You look as graceful as Lady Godiva."

"You mean that female jockey?"

"Yeah. Gee, imagine if she was on a horse racing against Seabiscuit!"

"In that case you wouldn't have to imagine anything."

"Yeah, you could lose and still get your money's worth."

Bob's other hobbies include golf and candid photography, both with still and motion-picture cameras. He is nuts about dogs; has a Great Dane and a Scotty. Recently he gagged the golf marathons by playing 180 holes at Lakeside, using ten balls on each hole and finishing in eighteen holes. As a golfer he is second probably only to Bing Crosby among the stars. He shoots in the 70s consistently.

Bob's popularity with his old Broadway friends remains undiminished. They love him, not alone for his gay personality, his contagious camaraderie, his gift for happiness, but for all he has done for the profession to which he and they belong. Hope is a

sucker for benefits; he has played in more than eight hundred. And the boys and girls who never know when they are going to need one don't easily forget a record like that.

The only noticeable difference in the man since the old days is that he dresses differently. He wears heavily checked coats, and baggy unmatching slacks, and sports shirts without ties, but buttoned. Otherwise he hasn't gone Hollywood in any respect. He is the same cheerful, optimistic, good-natured soul that he was back in the days when he was beating his way cross country to Broadway. He has the same twinkle in his eye, the same smile on his lips, the same understanding in his heart. He is, and doubtless always will be, the only comedian in Hollywood's film and radio colony who actually gives away gags.

BOB'S movie Crossley—they call it a Quigley in the picture business, but we won't go into that now—isn't so high yet as his radio Crossley, and may never be, because he isn't easy to type. From the middle of the nose up and from the point of the chin down he's Bob Taylor; but, as we have hinted, there is a spot in between in which he is just Bob Hope.

The chin might get by. Francis X. Bushman had one, and he got by with fifty million women. But the Hope nose is another matter. Hollywood can't make up its mind whether to saw it off or paint it red.

On the air, where romance is subordinated to comedy, and the thing that lies between the nose and the chin is the only means of communication with the listening public, Bob is confronted by none of these problems.

As in the case of his first church-social effort, "it isn't what he's got, it's what he does with it." There is nothing especially novel about his material. Like all the other comics, for example, he has a radio family, most of whom seem to be habitually in jail.

"My brother in Alcatraz," he will patiently explain, "made ten-dollar bills in the daytime and twenty-dollar bills at night. When he worked nights he paid himself overtime."

He also interviews celebrities in what he describes as Hope's Hapless Interviews. And he puts on the inevitable burlesque movie dramas. Perhaps you remember the dude-ranch sketch, Way Out West on West End Avenue, and the one in the air-cooled theater where Honeychile, as an usherette, led a pack of St. Bernards to rescue a frozen patron in the balcony.

Sounds rather dreary, doesn't it? But actually, as it is done by Bob Hope and Company—Jerry Colonna, Patsy Kelly, Honeychile, Six Hits and a Miss, Announcer Bill Goodwin and Skinnay Ennis and his orchestra—well, "you may not like it, but don't tell me it isn't good."

Honeychile, played at first by Patricia Wilder and later by Clare Hazel, is billed as the girl with the Southern drawl and the numbed brain, and lives

"Every guest of mine is entitled to choose Wine"

says **BOAKE CARTER**



Wartime flier, world traveler, author, artist, daily newspaper columnist and outstanding radio news editorialist...prodigious Boake Carter leads a full life. Naturally he plays host to many of our most active people, and he likes to gratify their preferences

"Many people put in such strenuous days they need to unbend and refresh themselves. I find these the very ones who prefer moderate relaxation"

"I like my friends to drop in at my house often," says Boake Carter, "and I know how it is with them—I myself like to be moderate when I relax. I offer every guest a choice of beverages and find that a great many today would rather take wine."

Have you noticed it lately? More and more hosts, before dinner, give their guests a choice which includes cocktail-size glasses of amber Sherry.

Hostesses, too, enjoy the praise they hear for the delicious Hock or piquant Claret they serve nowadays with the main dinner course. And in the evening, the cheers they get for cheese or sweet cakes with small glasses of rich flavored Muscatel.

Famous hosts know *why* so many people now prefer wine. Folks like to sip wine slowly. It's part of gracious, moderate evenings when people really enjoy themselves.

Try doing as Boake Carter does. Next time you entertain, give everyone a chance to choose wine. You'll find it flatters your important guests.



All you need to know to serve Wine: There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine... (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines: (2) Wines for use with desserts or with refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

A much enjoyed white "table" wine is Hock, especially light, delicate of flavor. Offer Hock with meals in servings half the size of a water goblet.

A popular "sweet" wine is Muscatel, rich in flavor, full-bodied. Serve in small glasses with desserts or any time in the afternoon or evening.

The Wines of California: Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. Each is true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.



up to her billing. Skinnay Ennis, who only a few months ago was a crooning drummer boy in Hal Kemp's band, is a Southerner too, who on the program claims to be the handsomest man south of the Mason and Dixon line. This gives Bob a chance to say that he doesn't wonder Scarlett O'Hara lives in England, and incidentally to work up the usual radio romance between the two youngsters.

"Say, Honeychile," Bob begins, "when you and Skinnay park, don't the cops say anything?"

"Yeah. They came along last night and told Skinnay to move on."

"What did they say to you?"

"Move over."

Patsy Kelly and Jerry Colonna are Hope's hecklers. Patsy is her usual untamed self, and Jerry—described by Bob as "that black mustache with legs"—is a comedian for whom Hope himself is quite willing to play stooge.

Bob is not afraid to give the other fellow the laugh line. He doesn't make a fetish of it, like Benny. He frequently tells the world himself. It is second nature for him to talk in gags, and he is one of the few comics on the air who actually ad lib. He has a script, and usually what he says is what the script says, but very often not in the same words.

He is probably the only comic on the air who writes his stuff by telephone. He has gag men, of course. No one is so naive these days as to think that any of the funny men write all their own material. The human

mind, even a hair-trigger one like Hope's, is not capable of keeping up such a production at the required level without help. Nevertheless, Bob works on his broadcasts, and works alone. Then, when he has a gag in workable shape, he gets his assistants on the phone, wherever they may be, and in a telephone session which sometimes lasts more than an hour, the gag is polished into program form.

On the air, Bob is equally good, whether he is doing a Benny and taking the ribs or telling the pay-off line himself. But he is at his best on his own in the monologue stretches. Here he reigns supreme over the whole broadcasting kingdom.

"Radio is wonderful," he will begin, apropos of less than nothing at all. "Have you seen those new portable radios that you can carry around with you? No aerial, no ground—nothing to worry about except the finance company. You can carry your favorite program anywhere. Imagine Kate Smith with a handle. It's wonderful. Saturday night I took a bath with the United States Navy Band. They played the Star-Spangled Banner, and I got double pneumonia! The college girls like those portable radios, though. They can go on a necking party and listen to the Voice of Experience at the same time.

"My uncle up in Eagle Knob, California, is a great radio fan. He's got one of those new crystal sets. If you listen real good, you can hear your

arteries harden. In swing time. He gets the police calls, though. He gets them in person. Last week-end, when I went home, I took him one of those new portable radios. He took it out in the barn with him and turned it on Jimmy Fidler. Next morning when he milked the cow, it said, 'Moo—and I do mean moo.'

"You'd like Eagle Knob. It's a little place. In fact, Rand and McNally both live there, and it *still* isn't on the map. We've got four WPA bridges in town. Now all we need is a river. It isn't a tank town. It's a two-tank town. The second tank is my uncle. He has a job at the tavern. He's one of the swinging doors. Main Street lies parallel to Elm Street, and on Saturday night my uncle lies parallel to both of them. But I had a lot of fun there. When I got off the bus—I mean the plane—they shoved out papers for autographs. Next day I found out I'd ordered six tons of coal and bought a half interest in a drug-store.

"I saw the little blonde teacher I used to have. I learned a lot from her. In fact, we were expelled together. But that's where you learn about romance—in those small towns. On Saturday nights there were so many buggies parked behind the icehouse, one fellow would say 'Giddap,' and five would have to shout 'Whoa!'"

And so it goes, on and on, until it is time to use that tooth paste again and go to bed!

THE END



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Isn't it a Beauty



and it's only
\$8.50

A GEM of a *Toastmaster** set—a perfect gift! With walnut tray, colorful jam and marmalade dishes, and the clever Junior non-automatic toaster...

Toasting starts, both sides at once, when you press down the lever. Then a finger's touch and up pops the toast—off goes current... See this set and other new *Toastmaster* products (\$7.50 to \$23.95) wherever fine appliances are sold.

THE NEW 1940
TOASTMASTER
Jr. Toast 'n' Jam Set

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READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

DREAMING a home of our own, some of us set up imagined castles in Spain, picturesque with Old-World buttresses and moats, while others of us go in for the glass bricks and sun decks of modernistic style. But we all entertain one desire in common—all of us want *our money's worth* when we *actually* build a home.

I've been talking about this with Howard Myers of the Architectural Forum. Mr. Myers supervises the annual Simon & Schuster yearbook of small houses. A saving person by temperament, he still has every necktie he acquired while at college. His advice about economical building comes from a soul that cares.

Steer clear of newfangled, modernistic architecture, he says, if you need a loan from your bank. Banks are much more receptive to the idea of loans on conventional homes.

... Today you can put up a good six-room house for five or six thousand dollars, not including the cost of the land.

... Ordinarily the dining room is the biggest small-house extravagance. Save money by linking dining room and living room together with sliding doors or walls.

... Never buy furniture before your home is finished. Don't throw old furniture away until you've tried to fit it into your new rooms. ... Bit-terest fighters for new-home plans are husbands who claim they need special hideaways for their hobbies—photography, mounting fish trophies, *et cetera*. ... Also wives who demand extra luxury for their financially interested papas and mamas. The California influence on domestic housing is sound and healthy, Mr. Myers says. It encourages out-of-door living, open-air sleeping.

☆ "Oh, fank oo for the pwetty wed woses."

You'd be surprised if I dared tell the name of the well known New York woman who said this to her husband one day when they had company, all quite celebrated middle-aged people. He had begged her many times not to talk baby talk to him. Went up stairs, packed his bags, left home without a word, and *never* came back.

☆ You'll appreciate this true story if you hate washing dishes as much as I do:

The inventor of a new dish-washing machine took it out of town recently to demonstrate it to a prospective manufacturer. Having no dishes on hand, the inventor bought plates, cups, platters, bowls, etc., and told his young assistant to get them soiled. Young assistant walked into a quick-lunch restaurant; shoved the china-ware at the counterwoman; said, "Please

make these dishes dirty." The counterwoman exclaimed, "What?" The inventor's assistant explained. "And make them good and dirty," he concluded. "Smear them with egg, gravy, sugar, grease—everything sticky. I'll pay for what you use, then I'll take the dirty dishes away."

Counterwoman tackled the job with shining eyes. Afterward he refused to be paid. "Not a cent," he declared. "All day I wash dishes. Now, for once, I dirty 'em without washing 'em! It's like heaven."

☆ Schoolma'ams will feel proud reading the history of their work in Willard S. Elsbree's new book, *The American Teacher*. (Published by the American Book Company.)

☆ Inspiration for our new fall hats has been military and international. In shape, one very smart felt number copies the kepi worn by artillery cadets at St. Cyr, the French West Point, but is also adorned with sweeping coq plumes like those sported by famous Bersaglieri of the Italian army. And the fashionable "Suzy" hat, of wool, has been designed by a former British army man; for Suzy of Paris is Arthur Payne, who used to be a soldier of the King.

☆ *Locksmith Boys* is the strange name of this fine Old Vienna dessert. I don't know why. The dessert gives us a chance to combine two splendid American products—dried California plums and California white wine. Here's the recipe for *Locksmith Boys*:

Soak large dried plums 3 hours in wine, then simmer 10 or 15 minutes gently in the wine, until plums are softened but still whole. Drain well. Remove stones and replace with blanched almonds. Mix a fairly stiff biscuit dough with flour, milk, eggs, and a little sugar. Make dumplings by enclosing each plum in a square of dough. Place dumplings in well buttered fireproof dish; bake brown in moderate oven. Cool 10 minutes, then dust with sugar and plenty of grated chocolate. Serve with lightly whipped cream, vanilla flavored.

☆ National Guard war games, conducted this summer, have brought out at least one defense fact that ladies should enjoy. Men of a New York infantry regiment did eight hundred dollars' worth of damage knifing their girls' initials and their own in heart-shaped medallions carved on the trunks of valuable trees. A tree nursery has brought suit against a brigadier general for that romantic mischief. I admire trees, but in this case I'm for the general and his infantrymen. Soldiers in love put up the best fight for their country.



"Wouldn't it be swell if the people you and I are waiting for didn't come?"

I Joined the BUND

Count Anastase Vonsiatsky, Russian Fascist, is an "honored" member of the Bund. Liberty's reporter, as a Bund Storm Trooper, was sent for military training to the count's estate at Thompson, Connecticut. The training includes much target and bayonet practice. When the reporter was there—which was not so long ago—some of the targets shot at were actually effigies of Stalin and his right-hand men!

The reporter has discovered that a publishing house in Germany is printing an encyclopedic catalogue of important Jews and "friends of Jews" throughout the world. One American to be named in it is General Charles G. Dawes.

A number of ostensible marine workers in New York City's Yorkville are couriers of the Gestapo, and last week the reporter gave detailed case notes on would-be Gestapo agents in the Bund who have been doing service as spies. He says that in Berlin, to his knowledge, there are plans, to be put into effect should Congress ever declare war on Germany, for the demoralization, or even the demolition, of American industry.

PART THREE—THE ENEMY WITHIN

WERE you born in Germany? Was either of your parents born in Germany? Any of your grandfathers or grandmothers?

Or a great-grandfather or great-grandmother?

If your answer to any of these questions is "yes," and if you are of pure Aryan blood, then in Hitler's eyes you are a German, subject to his laws and dictates. Your name, along with millions of others, is almost certain to be recorded on an index card at Stuttgart, Germany, in the greatest and most comprehensive filing system ever conceived. I know, because I helped organize that card-filing system myself. Its original purpose, however, was considerably different from the sinister purpose to which it is being put today.

I need scarcely add that if you or any of your forebears for five generations back had a "taint" of Jewish blood, you are accorded a very special listing in this extraordinary card index.

I learned from Paul a great deal about this phase of Nazi activity in America. Paul had come from Germany about two years before. Like nearly all young Germans, he had been a member of Hitler's Youth movement, and he had received military training. He had become a *Gruppen-fuehrer* (group leader). Naturally, once in the United States, he rapidly acquired an authoritative post in the Storm Troop of the German-American Bund.

At the time of our meeting he was on "special duty," soliciting new members for the Bund and the American Nazi Party, and was also gathering information to be forwarded to Stuttgart for listing in that great card file, a system which contains more names and addresses than does any other in the world.

Paul spends much of his time in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Milwaukee, and other American cities having a heavy German population. His mission is

to visit people of German stock and induce them to sign up and swear allegiance to Hitler. It makes no difference whether his prospect is a comparatively recent immigrant from Germany or is of a family of German origin that has been in the United States a hundred years.

Paul was anxious to have me myself in this phase of Bund work. He received twenty dollars a week and a liberal expense allowance. I made a few calls with him, and one particularly I will always remember. The prospect was the owner of a small haberdashery store which was quite some distance from Yorkville and the Nazi headquarters on Eighty-sixth Street.

Paul lost no time in coming to the point. "I offer you the privilege of becoming a member of the National Socialist Party and the honor of serving our beloved Fuehrer Adolf Hitler," he said.

"But I cannot become a Nazi," the shopkeeper said. "I am an American citizen. Why, my great-great-grandfather came to America in 1817!"

"Your blood is German blood," Paul insisted.

Our prospect became angry. "My grandfather was killed at Gettysburg. He fought for the North. I was in the Rainbow Division myself and fought against Germany. That makes me an American. I don't want to talk to you. Get out!"

"Not so fast!" Paul exploded. "I know all about your American war record. But, tell me, do you hear often from your uncle—the one who lives in Hamburg?"

The storekeeper was astonished. His anger seemed to ooze from him. "Why, y-yes," he stammered. "My wife visited him last year. Why do you ask?"

"For my own reasons," Paul snapped. "Your uncle owns real estate in Hamburg. He owns houses in Berlin. Also he is a member of the Nazi Party—as you must be."

"But I have told you," the man protested, "that I am an American. I think American. I believe in America. Why should I have any interest in the Nazi Party?"

"Then we may find it necessary to have the Gestapo visit your uncle," said Paul. "Your father is dead. Your uncle is the head of your family. His nephew refuses to join our Nazi Party; therefore he will be fined so many reichsmarks a year, and perhaps other things will happen. Think it over. I'll be back."

Once in the street Paul said to me: "He will join. Did you see him turn

white when I told him what might happen to his uncle?"

"Will they actually do that?" I asked.

"If it is recommended, yes. But this fellow will join. You'll see."

Many Americans of German stock give lip-service allegiance to Hitler. It seems better to join the Nazis than to have a relative in Germany fined or thrown into a concentration camp.

There is the case of Frau S—, a Prussian of pure Aryan blood. A few years ago she married an American business man and came here to live. Only recently her mother, who still lives in Germany, was visited by the Baden police and told that her daughter was an American spy. A Gestapo agent was along and he gave the astonished mother an almost day-by-day account of her daughter's movements. The mother knew that some of this information was true, for it coincided with things the daughter had written her—a garden party she had attended, a country-club dance she had gone to, etc. The Gestapo agent charged that this woman's son-in-law was using her daughter to obtain information from Germany.

The whole idea is absurd. I happen to know that the man has been far more interested in his golf score than in Hitler.

Obviously the information about the woman's garden party and the country-club dance was supplied by a Bund member on "special duty." A German agent, whose reasoning is blinded by Nazi ideology, can read many suspicious things into the entirely innocent movements of a person he is ordered to shadow.

You may think it fantastic, even humanly impossible, for the Nazi authorities to have listed all Germans abroad. Yet that is approximately a fact. Those who are missing from this great filing system will soon be carded, for this personalized information comes in from many sources.

The headquarters for this work is the Institute for Germans Abroad (Institut Für Auslandsdeutschtum) at Stuttgart. The work is under the direction of Herr Bohle, Undersecretary of State in the German Foreign Office; the man to whom Fritz Kuhn, American Bund leader, reports directly, and the man whom he sees most frequently when he visits Germany.

As amazing as is the card system itself are the supporting data. In addition to the actual name and address of a German abroad, there is information about his relatives still living in Germany—the property they own, the



"I was talking to the Fuehrer on the transatlantic telephone. I mentioned you by name several times. He asked me to give you his thanks."

positions they hold, etc. And it doesn't stop there. Filed in proper order are data on German-American settlements, centers of German-stock population, with maps, notes on proximity to navy yards, barracks, plane and munition manufacturers, and other information. The American material, of course, is supplied by the Bund. From these names the Nazi officials are building the Army for World Occupation. And within this general plan there is being built an Army for Occupation of America. As I have said before, the American Bund Storm Troopers are to be the spearhead for this attack.

Let me remind you that I was in Czechoslovakia when the German minority movement there was too

trivial to seem important. But the Sudeten Germans finally succeeded, as the world knows. I have observed this German racial-minority movement working among Germans in Silesia in Poland and among Germans living in Siebenbürgen in Rumania. And now I recognize that same movement working in the same manner in the United States.

Now let me tell you how this Stuttgart card system was first started, and of the hand I had in it.

I went to the western front in the World War as a second lieutenant and had been in the trenches fourteen days when I was ordered to raid a French machine-gun nest. I was unsuccessful. In fact, I was left for dead by my companions. Late that night a

From one who knows! The amazing facts of what we face in the U. S. A. while Europe plunges into war

German Red Cross squad found me. I recovered in a base hospital, but was declared unfit for combat duty. I returned to Berlin, still retaining my commission. After a few months' rest I was told to report to a new propaganda bureau, to be operated jointly by the General Staff and the Foreign Office. I was made liaison officer.

America had not yet entered the war. There was still much sympathy for Germany in parts of this country. The General Staff and Foreign Office desiring to build on that feeling, Professor Hildebrand founded the first Institute for Germans Abroad. Listing the names of Germans in foreign countries was the idea of Dr. Lilienthal, former press attaché in Scandinavia. Consular offices and secret police went to work on the list, which was supplemented by a search of the emigration offices in Germany. Naturally effort was concentrated on America.

My department issued propaganda on German folklore, old German songs, German traditions, etc. The purpose was to rekindle latent enthusiasm in the German stock. Under Hildebrand and Lilienthal, the card file grew rapidly, until we had many hundred thousand names before America went into the war.

The Treaty of Versailles wiped out the Institute for Germans Abroad, but the cards were smuggled to a safe hiding place. When the Nazi Party came into power with the Hitler ideology for world dominance, the work on this list was renewed. The Institute was re-established and eventually Herr Bohle was made its head.

Today, I repeat, that file contains millions upon millions of names. Tomorrow it will be nearly one hundred per cent perfect.

German racial blocs have long since been formed here in America, and in the key cities German minorities are being organized into an effective body. Today this body in some communities is strong enough to elect members to Congress.

At a meeting of the Bund one night, Secretary Wheeler-Hill told with great pride of the election last year of Congressman Gartner of the Fifth Pennsylvania District. He pointed out that this was the result of a solid German-minority front and a victory for the Bund.

Fred C. Gartner is president of the Alliance of German Societies of Philadelphia. He professes no Nazi allegiance. In fact he laughs it off. The

facts are that prior to the election last year he spoke at several Bund meetings. His campaign had the support of the Philadelphia Herold, a "German-and-English" newspaper, printed in the office of Graf & Breuninger, who also print the official Nazi paper in Philadelphia. Herr Gartner was supported by the Bund and the Nazi organizations in his district. Before his election he criticized Secretary Ickes for refusing helium to Germany. He said in an open meeting that if he had been a member of Congress at the time, the helium would have been sold to Germany.

Under orders from Stuttgart, Bund speakers swarm over America on "German Day," making addresses before the various German-American organizations, and it doesn't matter whether these organizations are friendly or not. The Bund speakers talk just the same.

Acting under orders, Kuhn is making every effort to bring the various German-American organizations under his control, so as to make them completely Nazi organizations. In some cases he is most successful; in others he is curtly rebuffed. When he is turned down the Gestapo and the Bund secret police go to work. They attempt to undermine the "backsliding organization" by weaning away individual members and by threats against the more stubborn. To capture control of an organization which rejects Nazism, Kuhn uses the same tactics Hitler employed in Czechoslovakia. First he obtains individual members. He makes Nazis of them. Soon he has a minority bloc which makes trouble at every opportunity. Eventually this minority bloc obtains a majority and the organization is "voted in" to a Bund affiliation. Bund Storm Troopers like Paul get tough when they have to. A letter from a relative in a concentration camp in Germany often "changes the mind" of a conscientious objector in America.

Fritz Kuhn has brought under Bund dominance and influence many German-American societies. I list here only a few, most of which are in or adjacent to New York City:

The United German Society of Brooklyn.

The Grovenwood Social Club.

The Citizens Protective League.

The German-American Business League.

The League of the Saarlanders.

The League of Sudeten Germans.

The United German Society of Westchester County.

The German-American Settlement League.

Only a short time ago I was sent to "persuade" an officer of the Schlaraffia to bring his lodge into the Bund.

The name Schlaraffia comes from Schlaraffen-land, which is a mythical country of fairyland legend. This society is very dear to its thousands of members of German heritage. In legendary Schlaraffen-land no one works. You simply lie under trees and all things come to you. Fowls run



Youth parades at the German-American Bund's Camp Siegfried on Long Island.

around with knives, forks, and plates conveniently on their backs. Little pigs, cooked to a delicious brown, grow on gingerbread trees, and the moon is composed of delicious cheese. Lodge rituals are based on these fantastic but amusing legends. At the society's meetings even the mention of politics is *verboten*.

I approached my Schlaraffia prospect and told him Fuehrer Kuhn, representing our Fuehrer Adolf Hitler, wanted his lodge to affiliate with the Bund and the Nazi Party.

"If you are a Nazi," he growled, "that is your business. I am not, and that is my business. I shall always love Germany and German traditions, but I will be no Nazi and Nazi propaganda will not get into my lodge. Your Hitler banned the Schlaraffia in Germany, then in Czechoslovakia. He will leave it alone over here."

I could not sway him. I filed my report with Herr Wheeler-Hill. Now watch Kuhn redouble his efforts to worm his way into that lodge, establish his minority, strengthen it, and then demand a showdown!

Nothing is left to chance and no one is trusted in Nazidom. In the United States the Bund checks and counterchecks its operations, and in turn it is checked and counterchecked by the Nazis in Germany. To give you a clearer picture of how this is done, I must digress for a moment.

Germany first became aware of a certain Major Buch when the historical blood purge of Munich occurred on June 30, 1934. Under Hitler's personal order, Major Buch had organized the USCHLA (Untersuchungs-und-Schlichtungs-Ausschuss), a free translation of which would be High Tribunal. Hitler destroyed his enemies at that time through the USCHLA.

To accomplish this purpose Major Buch set up a special spy service inside the Nazi Party. Under his orders a similar spy service was established inside the Bund. It was called Bunaste, after Bundesnachrichtenstelle, meaning Bund Information Service. The name of this secret spy service is changed frequently, however. The Bunaste supplies men and women who supervise Bund members and officials and also supplies spies to the Bund for the purpose of "working in" German-American organizations which reject Nazism. These superspies are in turn watched by a super-superspy organization named Sonderabteilung, meaning Special Squad.

But we haven't reached the top yet. There is a super-super-superspy service known as the Sicherheitsdienst, or S. D. This has three representatives in America. A word from them means the death sentence on any disloyal Bund or Nazi Party member in America. Their decisions are never questioned.

I was sitting alone in the Café Hindenburg one night when a stranger approached me and remarked that he remembered having seen me at Camp Siegfried on Long Island. Then he significantly suggested we go outside for "a little fresh air." We walked along Eighty-sixth Street to Fifth Avenue, where he led me to a bench.

"Herr X," he said, "I have been observing you for some time, although you haven't known it."

He laughed and paused. I confess I felt a little shiver go up my back. I was unarmed.

"I think you are far more intelligent than you appear," he continued.

I breathed easier and thanked him.

"Listen, X," he said, leaning close to me. "I am a special agent working inside the Bund."

I pretended to be deeply impressed. "Because I feel you are intelligent," he continued, "I am offering you a special assignment which will lead to your rapid promotion in our party. The Bunaste, which is a special Bund spy service, wants Secretary Wheeler-Hill observed. I am empowered to offer you an appointment as a temporary Bunaste agent. Herr Wheeler-Hill may not know I represent the Bunaste, but I cannot take chances. I want him observed by one of his own Bund members. If you accept I will give you full instructions."

I was in a ticklish position. Of course I had to refuse. The man may have been a genuine Bunaste agent working under Wheeler-Hill's orders to test my loyalty. I managed to dodge the issue by pleading that I could not do justice to the assignment because of my personal loyalty to Herr Secretary Wheeler-Hill.

He said he appreciated my frankness and that I had spoken as a true and loyal Nazi should. If the man was a genuine Bunaste agent, then Herr Wheeler-Hill will read here in Liberty for the first time that he has been under observation by the Bunaste, for no doubt another was found for this "special duty." I have always suspected, however, that the man was a "plant."

NEEDESS to say, it takes a vast amount of money to run the Bund and affiliated organizations. My conservative estimate, based on considerable inside information, is that the Nazis are spending thirty million dollars annually in the United States.

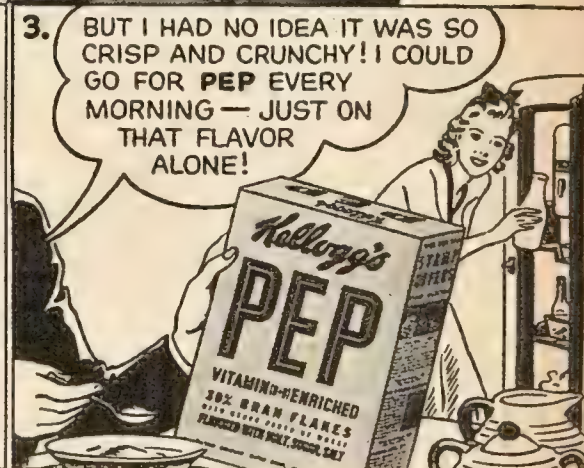
Originally money supplied to the Bund came direct from Germany, first being sent to Mexico and then delivered to a Bund agent in Lower California. This evidently proved dangerous, so now these funds are cleared through consular sources, which leaves no possibility of discovery.

A great deal of the money spent by the Bund is raised in America. Fritz Kuhn is a star salesman. He is usually, and for unexplainable reasons, most successful where women are involved. Westchester County, in New York State, and New England are his richest sources and he gets a great deal of money from women who are not of German extraction. He "entertains" a good prospect most lavishly. I overheard him one night talking to an attractive lady, apparently of breeding and wealth.

"I was talking to the Fuehrer on the transatlantic telephone last night," he said to her. "I told our great leader about your interest. I mentioned you by name several times. He asked me to give you his personal thanks. He was very much impressed by your devotion to the Nazi cause." And more of the same.

It isn't childish and it isn't absurd, because it works! I know personally that he approached the wife of a man whose family is one of the oldest and richest in America and who is not German. He told this lady that her wealth could only be protected under

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A LITTLE OF YOUR PEP!



IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP **KELLOGG'S PEP**. IT'S A MARVELOUS TASTING CEREAL—CRUNCHY GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B₁ AND D. GET **PEP** AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

*Pep contains vitamins B₁ and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B₁, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.

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a Nazi America and that Fascism was the one thing that could save the country. He asked her for a donation to the Bund of more than \$300,000. He got a curt refusal. But it was a good try and shows that Kuhn knows big figures.

Individual members of German societies which are Nazi-affiliated contribute regularly to the Bund. A wealthy anti-Semitic is a find for Kuhn. Stores, shops, and restaurants in Yorkville are good sources.

Then—very important—there is the stock market. At least three financial agents of the Hitler government operate in Wall Street. With each fresh European war scare the stock market has suffered a relapse. Stocks have gone down. Hitler's financial agents have sold short—well knowing when the bottom would be reached, because they knew how much propaganda pressure was to be applied and when a conciliatory note would be issued.

Hitler's agents have had an unwitting ally in the timid American investor, and a very willing ally in the professional Wall Street gambler.

One evening not so long ago, following one of these "war scare" market upheavals, I was assigned, in my capacity as a Storm Trooper, to serve as Kuhn's bodyguard. I was given an automatic and told where to go. A car would be waiting. It was a seven-passenger sedan. There were three other guards, who sat in the rear seats with Kuhn. I sat up in front

with the driver, who was also armed. We swung over to the West Side ramp, looking for all the world like respectable business men. It was nearly dark when the car stopped near Broad and Wall streets, where Kuhn curtly ordered two of the Storm Troopers to come with him. Already the streets were practically deserted, and it was quite dark by the time Kuhn returned. We had waited nearly an hour. He had left empty-handed. He returned with a fat attaché case. I believe it was well filled with American money. We took him to one of his apartments, where he dismissed us at the door.

Bund members on "special duty" receive twenty dollars a week and expenses. Frequently the expenses are many times the salary. Kuhn is reputed to draw fifty dollars a week. On this salary he manages to maintain four apartments, automobiles, and to entertain lavishly.

There is a plan on foot to erect a German House in Yorkville. Funds for this building have been supplied from Germany by the Nazis. However, the Bund hasn't let this be known. They are trying to "raise the funds" here. Official Bund supplies must come from "official purveyors." This means uniforms, arm bands, boots, etc. This is a minor racket, given to the faithful.

District Attorney Dewey recently seized some account books belonging to the Bund, and Kuhn has been indicted by the Grand Jury on charges

of larceny and diversion of funds. Mr. Dewey did not get the real records, which probably did not surprise him. Nor will he get them. I'll tell you why.

In 1934 the Scandinavian countries called for a report on all Nazi activities within their borders. Promptly the Nazi leaders in Germany issued orders that consular and diplomatic offices should be available for the safe hiding of all secret Nazi documents. The Bund has many secret documents stored in the vaults of German consulate offices in America.

The plans for the industrial demoralization of America in event of war with Germany are known to only a few Bund leaders. The detailed instructions are safely vaulted in consular offices.

Fritz Kuhn knows where his account books are. But District Attorney Dewey will not be able to get to them. The United States government is unwittingly guarding all secret Bund papers, including the true Bund financial maneuvers. All of these, with the plan for the German Army of Occupation in America, are safely stored in German consular vaults—locked behind diplomatic immunity.

Is it true that immorality is all but forced upon youth in Bund camps? Is it true that Kuhn is "on his way out" as Bund leader? What craftier Nazi would be his behind-the-scenes successor? Read Liberty's reporter's culminating revelations next week!

HONEY, I GOT THE JOB!



BUT JUST A SHORT TIME AGO...

WHY, JOE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

LOOKING FOR A JOB, DON! THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN BREAKING RIGHT FOR ME FOR A LONG TIME NOW!

LISTEN, JOE-- I KNOW OF A FINE OPENING! AND YOU CAN GET IT, TOO, IF...WELL, IF YOU'LL ONLY SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

MY BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

NO MORE WORRIES FOR US, MARGIE! I GOT THE JOB-- AND IT'S A GREAT ONE, TOO!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Good Housekeeping Bureau

MOPPETS MAKE GOOD

One steps into stardom in her first film—
Another emerges pleasantly with Mr. Crosby

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE UNDER-PUP

THE PLAYERS: Gloria Jean, Robert Cummings, Nan Grey, C. Aubrey Smith, Beulah Bondi, Virginia Weidler, Margaret Lindsay, Raymond Walburn, Ann Gillis, Paul Cavanagh, Billy Gilbert, Kenneth Brown, Bill Lenhart, Frank Jenks, Shirley Mills, Samuel S. Hinds, Ernest Truex, Doris Lloyd, Dickie Moore. Screen play by Grover Jones from a story by I. A. R. Wylie. Directed by Richard Wallace. Produced by Universal. Running time, 89 minutes.

DEANNA DURBIN started something. Hollywood calls this type of song-and-kiddie film the moppet movie. You know the formula. Little girl takes a group of puzzled humans, sings to them, and in no

time straightens out their lives. This, featuring a new child star, was done by the creator of the Durbin technique, Joe Pasternak. But even Pasternak doesn't quite hit the Durbin tempo and smoothness. However, in the new eleven-year-old star, Gloria Jean, he has a find curiously reminiscent of Deanna. Gloria, in brief, has real possibilities, if you like your stars of sixth-grade age.

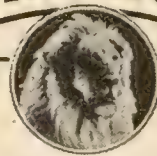
Gloria plays a little girl of the crowded tenements who is given a free trip to the swank summer camp of offspring of the indulgent rich. There the snobbish daughters of the neglectful top brackets make life pretty miserable for our heroine, Pip-Emma Binns, but before the film's end she triumphs over them, what with her sweetness and light and coloratura top notes. More than that, Pip-Emma straightens out the messed affairs of the rich kiddies' parents.

The producers have cluttered up



Bing Crosby and newcomer Linda Ware in *The Star Maker*.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



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The greatest
star of the
screen!

"Babes in Arms", starring Rooney and Garland, may be said to have punch—and Judy.



This Rodgers and Hart musical which ran 289 performances on Broadway is **G R E A T**.

★ ★ ★ ★

G for Gay, R for Rousing, E for Effervescent, A for Alluring, and T for Two.

★ ★ ★ ★

When Mickey and Judy sing "Good-Morning" there'll be rhythm under every seat.



★ ★ ★ ★

What this country needs is "Babes in Arms". What "Babes in Arms" will captivate, is this country.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the same merry, merry month of October, we'll also join the Marx Brothers "At the Circus".

★ ★
Groucho... Harpo
... Chico—

★ ★
Screeno isn't one of the Marx boys.

★ ★
Remember "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races"? They had a million laughs.

Well, here's another million for you in "The Marx Brothers at the Circus".

★ ★ ★ ★

Look out for Blackmail! This isn't a threat, it's a treat. For "Blackmail" is the title of the new Edward G. Robinson vehicle.

★ ★ ★ ★

For further information about Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures, write for The New Screen Forecast, M-G-M Studios, Box L, Culver City, Cal.

★ ★ ★ ★

All about "Northwest Passage", "Bala-laika", "Another Thin Man". Join The Applause Poem Contest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Next month's roar—"Gone With The Wind".

—Scarlett O'Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

the yarn with too much straining for comedy. As, for instance, with Billy Gilbert's apoplectic, shattered English camp worker and his two Katzenjammer kiddies. And then there's Pip-Emma's overabundant tenement family.

But Gloria Jean has a pleasant, ingratiating personality, she sings nicely, and there is C. Aubrey Smith with a splendid performance of her cane-wielding granddaddy.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Gloria Jean's first film. Born in 1928 in Buffalo. Family moved to Scranton, Pennsylvania, when she was six weeks old. She's one of four daughters of Ferman H. Schoonover, who was a Scranton piano salesman. Gloria showed a voice at fifteen months, sang ballads at five years. At ten she was taken to New York to study music. Occupant of an adjoining apartment heard her voice, introduced himself, and took Gloria to an official of Univer-

sal. She sang for Joe Pasternak—and was signed. Just like that. Taken to Hollywood last December, given five-months' course of sprouts. Then the cameras started grinding. One of the first visitors on the set on the first day was Deanna Durbin, now a veteran of three years' success. Says Gloria of Deanna: "She's just wonderful!" . . . C. Aubrey Smith has just turned seventy-six. Born in London, educated at Cambridge. Veteran of forty-seven years' acting. Started in 1892 with a British provincial troupe. Supported most of the great stage stars of the last decade. A private estate near Malibu Lake in the Santa Monica mountains plays the Adirondack locale. The song of the Penguins' Club is John Philip Sousa's very first march, High School Cadets, with new lyrics.

★ ★ ★ THE STAR MAKER

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Louise Campbell, Linda Ware, Ned Sparks, Laura Hope Crews, Janet Waldo, Walter Damrosch, Thurston Hall, Clara Blandick, Oscar O'Shea, John Gallaudet, Ben Welden, Emory Parnell, Dorothy Vaughan, Bodil Rosing, Paul Stanton, Morgan Wallace. Screen play by Frank Butler, Don Hartman, and



They Call It "Yankee Ingenuity"

"THERE ought to be some better way . . ." says Bill Merrill. And it bothers him so much that he has to do something about it. That's the kind of a fellow he is. During his 39 years with General Electric he has been finding "better ways"—and you and I have benefited. That's why, today, he is head of the Works Laboratory at the G-E Schenectady plant.

How have we benefited? Well, for example, by better and cheaper paper, because Bill helped in many ingenious ways to apply electricity to papermaking. During the War, he helped Uncle Sam out of a hole by showing him how to cast anchor chain by the ton instead of forging it a

link at a time. His ideas helped us get better refrigerator cabinets, replacing wood with steel, and a brand-new way to eliminate garbage, by the Disposall, or "electric pig," that macerates kitchen waste and washes it down the sewer. "Yankee ingenuity?" Bill hails from Maine!

In General Electric there are hundreds of men who, like Bill Merrill, are developing new products, finding ways to improve and make all products less expensive. It's these "Bill Merrills," along with thousands of skilled workers throughout industry, who make it possible for you and me to have more of the things we want and need. Bill's slogan, too, is More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

90-180D1

Arthur Caesar, based on a story by Mr. Caesar and William A. Pierce. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 85 minutes

BING CROSBY'S newest boop-a-doop belongs to the Deanna Durbin school of moviemaking. Similarity here can be explained away, because Bing has a reason for this kiddie cavalcade. The yarn is remotely an idealized nostalgic version of showman Gus Edwards' vaudeville career.

Crosby plays a penniless song writer who hits upon the idea of presenting a group of newsboys in a variety turn. In no time at all he has a dozen or so kid acts on tour, when the Gerry Society, the scoundrel of the film, steps in. The society says children can't work after ten o'clock at night—and our hero is licked. But he places one of his protégés as a vocalist with Walter Damrosch—and then comes the dawn of crystal sets and the radio. Thus Bing and his kiddies find a new success on the kilocycles.

This wasn't the Gus Edwards career in the old days of vaudeville by any means. But it suffices to make a fairly pleasant opus. Unless you find precocious youngsters hard to take. The film is loaded with 'em. Bing is his usual casual crooning self, but subordinates everything to the fourteen-year-old find, Linda Ware. Then there are Louise Campbell as Bing's better half, sour-faced Ned Sparks as his child-hating press agent, and Walter Damrosch to conduct the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

VITAL STATISTICS: Although the film makes no real pretensions of following Gus Edwards' career with any exactness, it is interesting to recall some of his finds of the old variety days. On the list: George Jessel, Georgie Price, Eddie Cantor, Duncan Sisters, Walter Winchell, Lillian Lorraine, Bert Wheeler, Helen and Grace Menken, Lila Lee, Mervyn Le Roy. . . . Come to think of it, Bing is something of a star maker himself. What about Bazooka Bob Burns and Baby Sandy of East Side of Heaven? . . . Linda Ware hails from Tarentum, Pennsylvania, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Stillwagon. Mother was a singer, but she died when Linda was three. The child was placed in a Steubenville, Ohio, orphanage. A year later the little girl's aunt and uncle, the Arthur Stillwagons, took her to live with them in Detroit. Then on to Hollywood last year. . . . Sour-puss Ned Sparks made his stage debut at Dawson City, Alaska.

★½ QUICK MILLIONS

THE PLAYERS: Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, Ken Howell, George Ernest, June Carlson, Florence Roberts, Billy Mahan, Eddie Collins, Robert Shaw, Helen Ericson, Marvin Stephens, Paul Hurst, John T. Murray, Peter Lynn, Horace MacMahon. Screen play by Joseph Hoffman and Stanley Rauh from a story by Mr. Hoffman and Buster Keaton. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 61 minutes.

THE Jones family gets back to Maryville after a trailer trip to Hollywood to discover that Uncle Ezra has expired and left them a gold mine. So they become '39ers, pile into their trailer, and rush off to the Grand Canyon to investigate their inheritance. There they become involved with a lonely abandoned cabin, bank robbers and their pretty gun moll, fake geologists, handsome troopers, and a comedy tobacco-chewing guide.

The Joneses are the most successful film family except for the Hardys. Not that the idea has been tried by most of the studios. This, in fact, is the fourteenth of the Jones adventures, so the comedies must possess some humor and humanness.

Some of the Jones popularity is due to Jed Prouty as John Jones. Your Beverly Hills can take Eddie Collins' timid old Indian killer or let him alone.

VITAL STATISTICS: Buster Keaton helped on the story. . . . While we're reminiscing, note Florence Roberts, one-time stage star, as petulant Granny Jones. Once a name to conjure with. . . . Eddie Collins was Abe Lincoln's comedy pal in Young Mr. Lincoln. Once was a burlesque comic. . . . The Jones family can

look over its alumni with pride. In the first thirteen of the series such well-knowns as Tony Martin and Marjorie Weaver made their debut. June Lang, Joan Valerie, and Judith Dickens are graduates. . . . The scenarists never definitely located Maryville, home town of the Joneses. But the prop man had to. Papa Jones had to have license plates on his car. The studio chief was torn between Ohio and Iowa. He flipped a coin—and Iowa won. . . . June Carlson's father is a schoolteacher in Los Angeles.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez.

★★★½—Golden Boy, Lady of the Tropics, Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering

Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory.

★★★—Fifth Avenue Girl, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman.



1—He's a favorite son of a favorite son and, like his father, he is a lawyer. Unlike his father, he is a member of a legislative body. Whose early photograph is this?

2—Under the present immigration laws of the United States, to which foreign countries are

the largest two quotas allotted?

3—What flower names are more familiar than these seed-catalogue listings: Myosotis; Aquilegia; Helianthus?

4—How is the presence of an anemic condition determined?

5—Why does the juice of some fruits

QUESTIONS

jell more quickly than the juice of others?

6—In what movie does the heroine ride in a tornado?

7—What river running south of Danzig through Poland gives the country navigation?

8—Where are the following units of currency used: krona; yen; lev; drachma?

9—In what events has the United States never lost an Olympic title?

10—What zone is known as the zodiac?

11—Xanthippe, wife of Socrates, has become proverbial for what traits?

12—How far is it from Alaska to Asia at the narrowest point?

13—Who won the Big Ten Conference football championship for 1938?

14—Are percussion instruments used in dentistry, the manufacture of explosives, or musical organizations?

15—What is the difference between cirrus and cumulus clouds?

16—Which of these cities has the greatest density of population to the square mile: New York; Jersey City, New Jersey; Somerville, Massachusetts; or Chicago, Illinois?

17—In what room was the 1919 treaty between the Allied Powers and Germany signed?

18—Who holds the world's land-speed record?

19—In what games are the following used: a puck; a shuttlecock; a stone?

20—Who was the partner of Joe Weber, famous actor-manager?

(Answers will be found on page 61)



Eternally Whose?

(that's the question!)

PUBLIC NOTICES

THE GREAT ARTURO: Found lipstick marks on your collar again this morning. Even though you are Society's favorite magician—I'm through. Eternally Yours . . . ANITA

DEAREST ANITA: Come back before you break my heart! No more parties, no more 15,000 foot parachute jumps. Take "for sale" sign off dream house. Eternally Yours . . . ARTURO

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WHERE THERE'S A WILL

Liberty's Short Short

BY ALFRED TOOMBS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

IN the great stone house that stood at the top of a Westchester hill the old man Monoghan and his two sons, Curtis and Reed, had lived for many years, at peace with the world and at war with the neighbors. The old man, having become as rich as a French pastry, had quit working one day long ago, and had since devoted his full attention to the pursuit of happiness.

The neighbors claimed that life in the big house was riotous, but rather it was joyful and lusty.

Curtis, the elder son, handsome and intelligent, loved his home as a tight little isle of civilization, and ventured out only when he spied a blonde on the horizon. The younger son, Reed, was an owl sort, who went to his Wall Street office daily to pursue his self-appointed task of adding to the Monoghan fortune.

The three lived happily together, and if the old man cared more for one than for the other, he did not show it. Life went its loony way in the Monoghan household, even up to the day when the old man knew that death was upon him. He ordered a party started that day, and then he summoned his boys.

"I honestly don't know how to divide my estate fairly," he told them. "I suspect that one of you deserves more than the other, but I can't decide who it is. So I am going to let you work it out yourselves."

Here he paused to sip thoughtfully on his drink.

"I am giving each of you a stake of \$5,000. I don't care how you use it. But one year from today you must give my lawyer an accounting. The boy who shows the greatest profit will

receive the 'A' share of the estate and the other boy will get the 'B' share."

And with this, the old man returned to the pleasant task of becoming the late Mr. Monoghan. One day about two weeks later the boys received their checks. Curtis, completely baffled, hid himself for the first time to his brother's brokerage office. Opening the door to Reed's neo-Coolidge suite, he promptly forgot his business in favor of a small bright blonde who looked as if she had just tiptoed out of some one's dream.

"Excuse me," he said. "I was looking for Reed Monoghan. I'm his brother."

"Yes, I recognized you," she answered, with a smile that flashed bright as the sun on a hothouse roof. "My name is Margy Kane. I'm his secretary."

"No wonder he comes to work every day," Curtis ventured.

She had hair that was crisp and pure as spun glass. Her voice, he was telling himself when Reed appeared in the doorway, reminded him of distant bells at sunset. Slightly dazed, he slumped into a chair in Reed's office and brought forth his check.

"Something," he said wearily, "has to be done about this, I suppose. Got any ideas?"

"I've got a number of ideas," Reed said crisply, "but I'm going to use them myself. You get your own ideas, for once."

Amazed, Curtis rose and stalked out of the office without a word, thoroughly angry for the first time in his life. Had Margy not smiled at him at this point, he might have swept on without asking her to lunch.

But that smile had enough heat to kindle a love that during the next twelvemonth was described as general alarm. Curtis hated to interrupt his peaceful enjoyment of life just to

make money, but he realized that unless he copped the Monoghan fortune he had no chance of getting married. And so, armed with an all-inclusive ignorance of business and a colossal nerve, he ran amok in the stock market.

Two days before the will was to be opened, Reed went into action quietly, enlisting the aid of his company's officers in a big push against the stocks Curtis was holding. Curtis' heart felt like a pound of frozen hamburger when he told Margy that his brother's treachery would postpone their wedding date until somewhere around the turn of the century.

They went together the following morning to get the bad news at the lawyer's office, and turned in their accounts. The lawyer glanced at the totals. It did not take him long to spot the goose egg that represented the sum of Curtis' heroic efforts, but he spent a little time pondering over the row of figures—longer than the first line of a Broadway chorus—that told of Reed's profits.

"It's obvious," Reed said brusquely, "that I get the 'A' share. So read its provisions."

The barrister cleared his throat and began: "To you, my son, I leave \$50,000. You have plainly shown that you are the abler business man. You should enjoy yourself running this money into millions."

Reed's jaw fell so far that it bruised a tender corn. The lawyer started through the "B" share.

"To you, my son, I leave what remains—about two million dollars. You have shown that you are not equipped for business. So spend this enjoying life, like I did. You might even marry some pretty blonde."

The lights shine bright these nights in the great stone house on the hill and the neighbors are up in arms once more. The young Curtis Monoghan and his wife, they say, make twice as much noise having twice as good a time as the old man had.

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

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DANGEROUS IMPULSE

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

RICHARD THORPE, a Princeton professor and mathematical expert, has never in his life let himself go. Then, on a sudden impulse one moonlight night, he asks Diana Bedford, a dancer whom he meets on the campus, to elope with him. Diana agrees, and the dean, to whom Thorpe confides his plan, gives him a six-months leave of absence.

In the garage where Thorpe keeps his car he and Diana encounter Swazey, an ex-burglar who lives in a triplex apartment in New York with some social registerite friends who are famous for their unorthodox escapades. Swazey invites the elopers to the apartment.

The ménage, they learn, is an odd one. When they arrive they discover Carlotta Preece and Harris and Mary Payton seated in the library, drinking cocktails served by Carlotta's husband, who is acting as butler. All are in evening clothes. They find out, too, that the apartment belongs to a Mr. White, and that the Preeces, the Paytons, and Swazey have borrowed it while he is abroad. But, says Swazey, what gives him the greatest kick is that White doesn't know they've borrowed it.

Thorpe has some misgivings about staying, but Carlotta Preece is so charming to him that he decides to remain.

PART FOUR—MANNA FROM HEAVEN

I WAS thinking," Thorpe said, "that—well, it seems funny to live in such a big place without . . ."
"Oh," said the girl who, due to certain divorce laws, was really only Mrs.

Thorpe, ferocious, gripped her shoulders. "Who? Which one? Where? I'll fix him!"

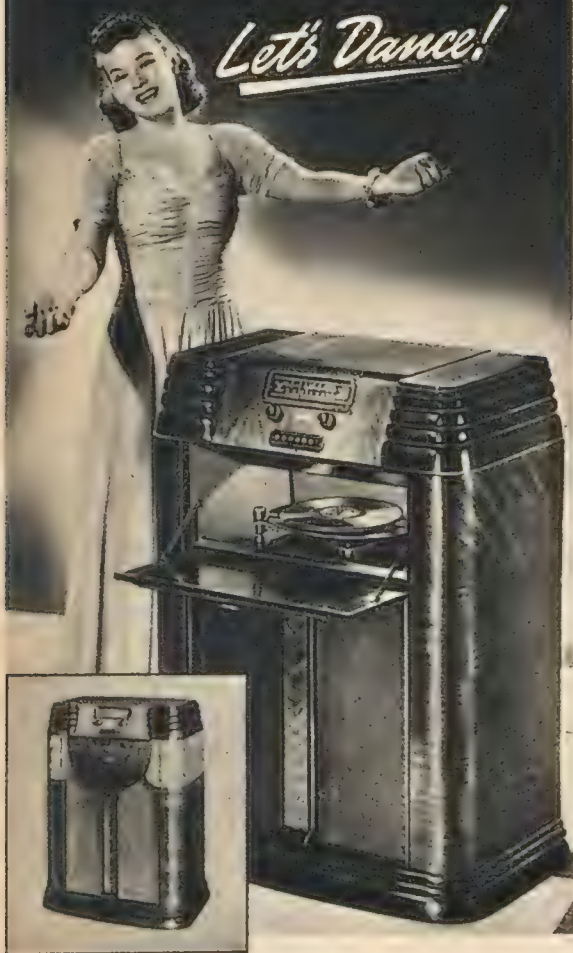
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BY ERIC HATCH



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Payton when she was in Mexico, "but, honey, we had to—you see, we didn't have money enough to live anywhere else, and besides, Harris and Carlotta and Beadle have always lived in nice places, so . . ."

"She means," the third man cut in, "that we only know how to live a certain way, so when we lost all our money we naturally kept on trying to live the same way." He laughed. "This dressing for dinner and everything's just a sort of form of escape, I guess."

Diana leaned forward, interested. She hadn't thought much of this fancy business. She smiled at Payton.

"It's funny your saying that about escaping," she said.

"What's funny about it?" said Payton. "I've been escaping for years. First I had to escape from my first wife's money, then I had to escape from myself."

Mary Payton gave him a worried look.

"What're you 'scapin' from now, Harris? Me?"

He shook his head.

"No," he said. "Not you, ever."

"Slush!" said Carlotta. She turned to Thorpe. "Why is your hair white when your face is so young? Is it the strain of eloping or is the doctor business bad?"

"He doesn't happen to be that kind of doctor," said Diana. She paused, trying to think of something crushing, for she resented the other girl's familiarity with Thorpe. Thorpe was hers. "Maybe you wouldn't know," she said, "but you can be all kinds of doctors."

CARLOTTA raised her eyebrows. She knew she was supposed to be crushed and she knew why. It pleased her. Then a thoroughly wicked idea sailed into her head. Carlotta was bored. It might be fun to mess up this elopement a little. It might be fun to make this doctor person fall in love with her. She looked quickly into her mind for something to justify herself, and decided that Thorpe and this young girl were not suited to each other. She, with her fresh prettiness; he, with his solemn, innocent look. Why, they weren't suited to each other at all! Make each other bitterly unhappy. She'd save them. She smiled again and once more, this time quite brazenly, patted his hand.

"Tell me about yourself," she said. "What kind of doctor are you?"

Diana bit her lip. Thorpe wriggled in embarrassment at the hand-patting and managed to stammer, "I'm a—a—doctor of philosophy. I'm a—a—physicist—a mathematician."

"How fascinating!" said Carlotta.

"We could use a good mathematician around here," said Payton. He laughed. "I hope you can add," he said. "All of us can only subtract. You see, it's been such a long time since we've had anything to add."

Though Thorpe was floundering, his trained brain made his lips take issue. He said, "But then you couldn't have anything to subtract, either."

"You'd be surprised," said Carlotta. "We subtract what we haven't got from what we might have had."

"Sometimes," said Payton, "the results we get are almost startling. Why, last night we . . ."

He broke off because he saw a look in Thorpe's eyes that is commonly supposed to come to people who are on the verge of losing their reason. He said, "You look done in, doctor. I'll go see about the alcohotherapy."

Carlotta saw the wild look glimmering in Thorpe's eyes and pressed his hand.

"In his own dumb way," she said, "Payton's telling you he'll hustle up the cocktails."

She gave him a smile that made Diana mutter a word sometimes associated with the kennel.

WITH the arrival of cocktails and with their swallowing there came a cessation of the strain that had been making itself felt since Diana had first noticed Carlotta making eyes at her man. Preece was persuaded to forget it was his night as butler and to join them. Swazey took one cocktail and fell asleep. Diana took one and felt better. Carlotta, afraid she had frightened her prospective quarry, sought to establish an *entente cordiale*. When the triplexers learned that Thorpe and Diana were, so to speak, in mid-elopement and that marriage, so far, hadn't even been discussed and they were really running away together from things that were weighing them down, the Paytons and the Preecees held out their arms in welcome. This was, of course, only natural, since all four of them were such red-hot escape artists themselves.

At the end of ten minutes Thorpe began to expand. He talked of himself a little and told them about his trick car and about breaking the dean's doorknob, and they felt badly that he hadn't brought it along. He told them about Swazey's tactful handling of the Jersey policeman, and they applauded. Diana told them about Thorpe and Einstein and about what a brilliant bird the doc really was, and Carlotta and Payton exchanged glances and made it perfectly obvious they didn't believe a word of it, for Thorpe, relaxed, seemed so young to them and his lineless face made it seem impossible that he could be all the things Diana said he was.

Then they told Thorpe about themselves: about how, except Mary, they had always had money—lots of money and then how taxes and the stock market between them had arranged so they hardly had any money, and then how just living had arranged it so now they didn't have any money at all. They'd pooled what was left of their resources, and, learning that J. Mortimer White was abroad, had calmly moved into his apartment. That had been easy. No one connected with the building had dreamed that such socially important people would steal an apartment.

They told these things gaily, as

though losing everything and not being able to get decent jobs, or in fact to do anything about it were a joke. Thorpe didn't think it was a joke at all. He knew it was a rather sad part of the cosmic plan. He knew that they weren't suffering because they were wasters or loafers or incompetents, but because they were up against a changing world wherein the active or idle rich must grow poor and the idle poor grow rich until the world came to its senses and saw eye to eye again with the large Park Avenue doorman downstairs, who knew all men were far from equal.

Thorpe rather suspected Payton too knew the futility of any one individual's struggle against evolution. He thought he'd like to help them somehow, and he didn't realize that what they needed right now was not a theorist like himself but a good honest unretired safe cracker.

Presently Mary, who had been watching Thorpe with the worshipful gaze she always saved for people who had had their pictures in the paper, got up.

"I reckon," she said, "I better wake up Bill an' tell him to go cook supper."

"You can't," said Carlotta. "You can't, because there isn't any, and if there is it's tomorrow's lunch."

Payton smiled at Thorpe and said, "You see?"

Thorpe nodded. He hadn't thought things were quite this bad. He remembered his thousand dollars and was just about to make a gracious gesture when from inside the hallway came the sounding of pleasant chimes. Every one in the library grew tense. Thorpe, who had never known sheriff fright—that awful feeling when the doorbell rings that it can't possibly be any one pleasant—was puzzled. Presently the chimes were repeated, then they were followed by the shouting of a big melodious voice.

"My gawd!" said Carlotta. "It's Hartley. I forgot all about his coming for supper." She turned to Mary. "Go ahead and tell Swazey to cook lunch for dinner." Then she hurried away.

BUT Swazey didn't, after all, have to cook anything, for Bishop Hartley had brought dinner with him. He had also brought two waiters from the Waldorf to serve it. Carlotta, when she saw, yelled for the others, kissed the bishop with enthusiasm, and said, "What the hell!"

Hartley looked at her and shook his head reprovingly.

"My cloth," he said, and pointed to his beautifully tailored habit. "I do respect it, you know, Carlotta."

With that he took off his coat and collar and vest. Beneath them he wore a silk open-necked tennis shirt.

"There!" he said. "I am but a man again. What was it you said, Carlotta?"

"I said what the hell—I mean, about all the dinner and liveried footmen and chi-chi and things. You know you can't afford that sort of thing.



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Hartley, you shouldn't have done it."

Hartley smiled. "I didn't do it," he said. "The congregation of St. Thomas' Church did it."

"Eh?" said Carlotta.

"I preached there today," said Hartley. "We took up the collection for the poor." He looked a little sheepish. "I—I'm afraid I dipped into the plate a bit—with one hand, of course. You are so poor just now and that congregation is so very rich, that I thought . . ."

He stopped because at that moment speech was knocked out of him by Swazey's welcoming slap on the back. The bishop, to Swazey, was his private property.

"Bish!" he said. "Glad to see ya aboard! How're they rollin', boy?"

Carlotta turned to Thorpe and Diana, who had been watching the bishop in open-mouthed astonishment. He looked so exactly as he should look and didn't talk that way at all.

"This is Bishop Hartley," said Carlotta. "I've known him since I was a baby. He hates being a bishop."

Thorpe shook hands cordially. He was relieved to find that this man actually was a bishop. He'd thought it would probably turn out he just dressed that way for the fun of it or something. Carlotta went on:

"He was holding down the chapel on mother's country place the year Preece stole the yacht. He went on the cruise to nowhere with us."

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet you," said Diana.

SHE remembered now reading about the bishop and having been entranced by what she read. His colleagues in the Church had not been entranced. They had considered it very wicked for him to have had anything to do with it, whereas in fact he had merely been very human to, and had unquestionably turned out to be a much better bishop because of it.

Carlotta nodded and said, "By the way, Hartley, Thorpe here's the tenth man in the world who can understand Einstein. You and he can have a nice educated talk."

Hartley laughed.

"I couldn't keep up with him," he said. "I don't even understand myself. You know, Thorpe, it's perfectly awful the way I keep wanting to do things that bishops simply must not do. I suppose it could be sun spots, don't you?"

Thorpe grinned. He liked this man.

"No, sir," he said, "but it could be derangement of atoms—the atoms that are you. Maybe they spin wrong."

All of this was far over Swazey's head. He didn't like being left out of the conversation when Hartley was around. He got back into it by the simple expedient of butting in.

"Say, bish," he said, "how was de soymon? Didja tell 'em?"

"You bet I did! I gave 'em fire and brimstone." He looked sheepish again, glancing at them from the corners of his eyes. "You see, I wanted to be

sure they'd pony up enough so you could have champagne for dinner."

"Manna from heaven," said Carlotta.

"Oh, no," said Hartley; "from the Waldorf. I shouldn't say so, of course, but they make it fancier there."

"On the other hand," said Payton, "it's more expensive."

Thorpe looked from one to the other. Diana caught his eye, tapped her head significantly and pointed to the ceiling, making a whirling gesture with her forefinger. She crossed over then and stood close beside him.

"But I like them anyway," she said. "That is, most of them. Dick, could they be kidding? About this money thing?"

"They could be," he said. "The world is full of peculiar things. Things even I don't understand."

"Not really!" said Diana.

Once again he'd led with his chin and once again Diana had promptly caught him one on the button. He wondered why he stood for it. He supposed it must be because he'd come to admire her quickness of mind. It wasn't. He passed the crack over and said, "Diana, are you game to help them a little with—with our thousand dollars?"

"Carlotta," said Diana, "doesn't need help."

"I didn't mean just her," said Thorpe. "I meant all of them."

They had dropped a little behind the others now, who were making the long journey from hall to dining room.

"Carlotta," said Diana, "has shining black hair and deep brown eyes and a shape like a show girl. She doesn't need any help at all."

"But, Diana, I know you don't like her, but I can't help the others without helping her. And I want to help them. They're so—so simple-minded, somehow."

DIANA flashed him a quick look. It was a penetrating look. Her lips grew firm again.

"They live in a cosy little mare's-nest like this for free and you think they're simple-minded!"

"But they're so helpless. Even Carlotta's helpless."

"I'm not helpless," said Diana. "Why should she be?"

"You're different," said Thorpe.

"I know it," said Diana. "I've worked for a living."

Thorpe knew he'd said the wrong thing.

"I didn't mean that."

"I think," said Diana, "you meant that she's a lady and I'm not, didn't you?"

"No," said Thorpe. "I just meant you're different."

"If you *had* meant it," said Diana, "I'd have had to try to have an affair with somebody's husband quick just to show you I can act as well-born as she can."

"She isn't trying to have an affair with anybody's husband," said Thorpe desperately.

"That," said Diana, "is just be-

cause you and I don't happen to be married."

This gave Thorpe the greatest thrill he'd known since heavy water. A woman, he said to himself—a young and beautiful woman is jealous of me! Jealous of *me*—the stodgy old professor! Heh-heh-heh, stodgy old professor, eh? Without being conscious of speaking, he echoed the last part aloud.

"Heh-heh-heh, stodgy old professor, eh?"

To Diana, not having heard the first part of his thought, this sounded pretty silly. It gave her the idea that the delirium hovering around the chalet in the sky must be catching and that Professor Richard Thorpe must have caught it. Walking well apart from him as though he were germy, she hurried into the dining room.

AN hour or so before Bishop Hartley arrived at the triplex, a little something happened in Princeton that would have not only wrecked the appetites of two of his dinner guests had they known of it, but might conceivably have wrecked their digestions as well. Two quietly dressed men, members in good standing of the detective force of the county police, were shown into Dean Gear's garden. The garden was full of trellises dripping with rambler roses and wistaria. The dean was full of lunch and sleep and sunshine and was lying on the edge of a tiled swimming pool. It was the sort of peaceful scene where most detectives would feel they did not belong. Detectives Thompson and Mercer felt they did belong there because they were come on an errand of mercy, to break something gently, ever so gently, to the great educator lying in his trunks on the edge of his swimming pool.

Instead of being gauche and rousing the dean by shouting, "Hi, you!" or anything like that, one of them whistled a few bars of a lullaby and the dean woke up with a start, looked about him, saw the detectives, greeted them cordially and wonderingly, and moved over to a garden chair. After a period of small talk, Mercer struggled to the point.

"We hate to distress you, sir," he said, "but we thought we gotta consult with you before we took official steps."

"Your servant," said the dean. "Go ahead and consult."

"It's about Dr. Thorpe," said Mercer.

Dean Gear looked at them sharply.

"He's run amok," said Thompson and was a little surprised to see a broad smile brighten the face of the educator.

"There are so many kinds of amok," said the dean. "Which particular amok did he pick?"

The detectives told him then about the stricken policeman who had been felled with the bit of rubber hose and that they were certain Thorpe had done it, because just before the man was hit he recognized Thorpe in the



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THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



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car. Gear composed his face into a mask of seriousness because he felt the detectives wanted him to. Actually the idea of Thorpe starting out trying to find his youth by buffeting policemen seemed all right to him. As a regular practice, he didn't approve of it, but Thorpe was an unusual man and so, naturally, needed to do unusual things. Then they surprised him.

"That's oke, though," said Thompson. "The copper ain't hurt bad. The real trouble is that, except for yours and Einstein's, every good-sized house in Princeton was entered last night and ransacked, and *that's* serious."

Gear shook his head.

"Wrong man, boys," he said. "For one thing, Dr. Thorpe doesn't need the money, and for another he wouldn't have the vaguest idea how to set about committing a burglary."

Both detectives nodded in agreement; then in unison said, "But there wasn't any burglary. That's what's got us all. That's what worries us. In each house all the jewelry had been gathered together and then, for heaven's sake, left in a neat little pile on a table near the door. No burglar don't act like that!"

NEITHER the detectives nor the dean could know the utter fallacy of this statement; could know that there was at large one burglar who would act exactly like that—especially if he was just practicing to keep his hand in, or for the thrill of the thing. Naturally, not knowing Swazey, it sounded to Gear like just the sort of thing a moonstruck scientist might do. He didn't know just what line of action he ought to take.

"The damage," said Thompson, "ain't nothin'. We're worried about Dr. Thorpe, that's what we are."

"We think," said Mercer, "that maybe foolin' around with chemicals and heavy water and bugs and stuff has made him go goofy."

"It takes 'em different ways," said Thompson. "Sometimes they just acts funny. Some of 'em get dangerous—go around attackin' people—especially women."

Gear turned his face away so they couldn't see his smile. The idea of Thorpe wandering through the country leaping from behind hedges, attacking here, attacking there, delighted him with its sheer incongruousness. The smile barely under control, he turned back and dead seriously asked, "Do any of these—ah—cases ever get troubled by gypsy music?"

Thompson and Mercer exchanged quick glances. The dean saw them and wondered what these men would say if he told them there was nothing at all the matter with his prize prof except a pretty girl and June moonlight and the will-o'-the-wisp that gets into men's hearts when middle age first starts getting into their bodies.

Presently Mercer, pretending he hadn't heard right, said, "What did you say, Mr. Gear?"

"Gypsy music," said the dean. "That's a slang expression for Cantata Sirenius which is, in turn, a very old disease that makes people, as you put it, go goofy."

"Oh. Is it serious?"

"Oh, yes," said Gear. "It can be terribly serious—while it lasts."

"Could it make people do what Thorpe did last night?"

The dean nodded.

"Cantata Sirenius," he said, "almost invariably makes people do what Dr. Thorpe did last night."

He was thinking, of course, of the girl—the dancing girl, and not of the ransacked houses. His eyes went dreamy and far-off, the way they had when Thorpe had been telling him about her the night before. He wondered whether Dick was getting to first base or not, and wished that he and Robert could start on their vacation. He came out of the reverie with an unpleasant snap when Thompson said, "We thought maybe we better send out a call and have him picked up and held, maybe, for mental observation."

"You *what*?"

"We thought we better have his head examined," said Mercer. "Professor Einstein thought so too—you see, we heard he'd been with him last night, so we checked up."

Gear was faintly incredulous.

"You mean to tell me that Einstein actually thought Dr. Thorpe should have his head examined?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Thompson. "He said he thought it was a marvelous idea. He said he thought it was the best idea he'd ever heard of in his entire life."

A great light broke in the dean's mind, and suddenly he could fight off the smile no longer, for it had grown into a laugh. He mingled it with a coughing spell and took it behind some shrubbery where he could make noises more freely. He could so easily see how the great theorist would think having his colleague pinched for mental observation was the jest of the century. It was the kind of joke that only great men dare play on one another.

The more he thought of it, the funnier it seemed to him. But it wouldn't do. No, of course it would never do. He'd call up Einstein and have him over to dinner and they could laugh about it together, but it wouldn't do to let it actually happen. Then, as the laughter began to die in him to chuckles, he said aloud, "Confound it, Dick Thorpe broke my Revolution doorknob! He got me all upset and envious and—and—why *wouldn't* it do?" He thought if they could keep it out of the papers it would do fine. Feeling only a little like a Judas, he smoothed his features and went back to the two detectives.

IN a dainty French bed in one of the dainty French bedrooms, Richard Thorpe slept the sound sleep of youth. He should by rights have dreamed, because so many things had happened to him. He should have had night-

mares about Diana and Carlotta hair-pulling, and about Carlotta recognizing open rivalry and turning her bosky eyes on him—warm with romance. He should have dreamed, too, of the strange feeling Diana's nearness made swell up and wobble around in his manly bosom. He did not dream, because he was too exhausted even for subconscious exercise. When, though the evening was still gay, at eleven o'clock the bishop had said he thought he'd hit the hay because he had to be on Long Island early in the morning to christen a little squirt down at Piping Rock, Thorpe had followed him.

Going to bed had been a little difficult. The moment he suggested it, the residents broke into violent argument as to whether or not he should have the master suite because he'd offered to pay a thousand dollars board for an indeterminate period. Thorpe hadn't wanted the master suite. Payton and Mary didn't think he should have it. Beadle and Carlotta did. Swazey had cheered first for one side and then the other, and Diana had stayed strictly neutral. After ten minutes of this, seeing that neither axis was getting anywhere, Thorpe had settled it by simply strolling off and wandering about until he found an empty guestroom. They had been so busy arguing they hadn't even noticed his going.

Thorpe's sleep of youth, sometimes silent, sometimes noisy with musical snoring, went on until the first streaky spears of dawn began driving the darkness into the west, when quite suddenly he awoke with the distinct sensation that somebody was in his room.

HIS first confused waking thought was that it must be the Jersey policeman; then that it must be Carlotta up to skulduggery, then that it must be Swazey practicing. An instant later he saw in the faint suggestion of light coming through the open window that it was Diana. She was delightfully and unconsciously immodest in her nightgown, and she was walking toward the bed on tiptoe.

Violently hoping that she was walking in her sleep and would wake up before she reached him, Thorpe rammed his head back on the pillow and pulled the sheet up over it. Quite a lot of thoughts shot through his mind: man-thoughts and professor-thoughts intermingled, and one strange thought he couldn't understand, which was that, although the current situation would have intrigued and pleased him had his visitor been almost any other lady in the world, the fact that it was Diana made him feel nervous and unhappy.

Because she had come to him from behind a bush in the moonlight and had gone to his rooms and packed his bag and generally behaved in an unorthodox and unconventional way, he had, like any sophomore, built a pedestal of dreams and placed her on it. It didn't occur to him to wonder at the contradictoriness of his doing so,

nor to reflect upon the oddness of the fact that far more ladies who are vaguely naughty have private pedestals than the ones who are vaguely good. He just knew he was unhappy about her being in his room in her nightgown. Actually he was unhappy about her being in any man's room so dressed. He was jealous of himself.

Diana Bedford was not, however, walking in her sleep. She reached the side of the bed and said in a whisper, "Dick."

Thorpe made no sound.

"Dick! I'm frightened!"

Thorpe faked a snore. Diana reached down and shook him.

"Dick!"

He felt trapped. He held the sheet tight with both hands and said, "Go 'way." Diana, with determination, yanked it out of his hands.

"Come out of that," she said. "I told you I was frightened. When I'm frightened I expect you to do something about it."

THORPE, keeping his eyes averted though there wasn't really any reason to, as her nightgown wasn't that immodest, handed her the blanket.

"Put that around you," he said. "What are you frightened about?"

"A man," said Diana. "He . . ."

Thorpe, ferocious, leaped out of bed and gripped her shoulders.

"Who? Which one? Where? I'll fix him!"

He snapped his teeth, snorted and growled. Diana, pleased at this display of Old World gallantry, let her head rest pathetically against his shoulder.

"Take it easy," she said. "It's nothing like that. I just heard a noise and thought I saw lights on downstairs and heard somebody and I looked and it was and I'm scared."

An awful suspicion was beginning to grow in Thorpe.

"Who was it?" he said. He thought he knew perfectly well who it was and he didn't like the idea.

"I don't know," said Diana, "but I *think* it was . . ."

"Don't say it," said Thorpe. "I know who it is. It's that Jersey cop!"

"No," said Diana. "Get yourself set, dear, for a shock. That kewpie downstairs is named White."

It didn't register. Thorpe looked blank.

"J. Mortimer White," said Diana. The flippancy left her. "I recognized him from Beadle's description."

"J. Mortimer White," said Thorpe. "J. Mortimer White."

The way he said it made it sound like a dirge.

"Yes," said Diana. "And I'm scared."

The owner back—and the Preeces, the Paytons, and Swazey, to say nothing of the Bishop, peacefully sleeping in their stolen beds! Will even their amazing aplomb be equal to a situation like this? Find out in the coming installment of this rollicking story. In next week's Liberty!

WITHIN HEARING OF SINGAPORE

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

OCCASIONALLY a Java coaster dropped anchor off Suissen to unload cases of gin and whisky assigned to one Sam McGruder. Once in a while a passenger came ashore. If he happened to be a white man, Sam McGruder kept in the background until he learned who he was and what he wanted.

Young Steve Lorimer, uncere- moniously thrown off the boat, was obviously a stowaway at the end of his rope, his few possessions in a canvas bag slung over a sun-black- ened shoulder.

As usual, Sam kept out of sight, but Nerida, his seventeen-year-old daughter, pinned a flower in her hair.

"Get a line on this tramp," Sam ordered his houseboy. "Find out all you can about him. And you," he in- structed his daughter, "watch your step."

Nerida laughed, her luscious mouth spreading in opposition to him. She was a lovely little thing with ma- hogany-brown hair and greenish eyes set wide apart in a golden face. Her mother had been a French gov- erness whom Sam had found strand- ed in Saigon and neglected to marry until an hour before her demise.

The principal street of Suissen was a narrow tunnel roofed over by rags burned by the blistering sun to the texture of cracked paper. The in- habitants were Javanese, Malays, Borneans, Chinese. The Japs seemed to shun the place. Suissen also con- tained a few renegade whites.

Sam McGruder lived in the bunga- low on the hill. Beyond it was a grove of trees into which he often disappeared with an air of owner- ship. It was surrounded by wire on which a Javanese boy had once burned his fingers.

For a score of years the South China Seas had been Sam's bed and board. He loathed the British, but his goings and comings seldom ran him afoul of them. It was the Dutch who had tried, unsuccessfully, to lay hold of him, wishing to question him on the subject of smuggled labor and

opium, the illegal selling of rifles and ammunition.

Since he had reformed they were glad to wash their hands of him. His settling down in Suissen was satis- factory to all concerned. With a mixed crew he caught shark, selling the oil to the Japanese, and the tails and fins to a Chinese firm in Batavia.

Nerida laughed and sang and pirouetted around Steve Lorimer from the moment of his arrival. Hav- ing the more pressing need of food and lodging on his mind, and no money to pay for either, he paid no attention to her. The first night he slept on the beach, and this enabled Sam's houseboy to possess himself of certain papers which he deftly with- drew from the sleeping man's pocket.

These identified him as having de- teriorated from steward on a yacht to deck hand on a freighter and cook on succeeding others, the biography terminating with a deportation order to the effect that his presence in Soerabaja was no longer desired.

Sam grunted over the information and passed it on to Nerida. But in the universal rejection of Steve Lori- mer she refused to share. For one thing, he was tall and broad-shoul- dered, and never before had she seen a man so handsome.

On his second day she followed him into Lee Fong's restaurant, and heard him bargain for a bowl of rice in exchange for the old canvas shoes he was wearing. Lee Fong had suc- cumbed to the offer when Nerida in- terfered:

"Give back his shoes! Bring him a big bowl of rice, and put plenty of meat and gravy on it."

"But—he no monee—"

"Quick! Or I'll cut your 'dam' ears off!"

The Chinaman, like every other person who knew her, thought it best to obey; and Nerida, perching cross- legged on a chair beside Steve, be- came a purring kitten.

"I am very important here," she announced pleasantly. "Every one

A flaming tale of love and a girl,
and the echoes of world conflict

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL BOOTH

Her eyes were full of curiosity. "They put you off the boat because you do something bad?"

does what I say. What else would you like to eat? Fish cakes maybe? Noodle soup?"

He thanked her and said the rice and gravy would do very well.

"You stay here for some time, maybe?" she smiled.

"Only until I can find a way to get out of the cursed hole." Diffidently he apologized. "I sound ungrateful, I'm afraid. Forgive me."

A heaping dish of rice was set before him, and he ate with relish, trying to curb his appetite—and failing.

"What's your name?" she asked, already knowing it from a study of his papers.

"Steve Lorimer."

She repeated it. "My father wanted to call me Molly, but I wouldn't have it. Everybody calls me Nerida. Pretty, don't you think?"

"Very."

Her eyes were full of curiosity. "They put you off the boat because you do something bad?"

"I didn't have the fare."

"Where do you wish to go, Steve?"

He looked at her deliberately for the first time. "Where? Anywhere I can find work."

"You are English?"

"American."

She clapped her hands. "Oh, I like Americans! Now I know who you make me think of. Gary Cooper. You are just like him in the picture I saw in Singapore—tall and starved-looking—unshaven—ragged shirt—everything. I am very much in love with him."

He pushed back his empty dish, got to his feet. "Many thanks for the food. I'll ask your friend Cooper to send you a check for it. In the meantime"—he smiled—"spare the Chinaman's ears."

He strode up the narrow street, looking neither to right nor left until the pattering of sandals beside him claimed his attention.

"You like to find work here?" Nerida asked him.

He glanced at her. "I'm about to search for it. Anything to get me away from this dump in a hurry."

"Maybe my father will give you work—if I ask him. You have heard of him, maybe. Sam McGruder."

His stride shortened but he made no reply.

"He is in the fishing industry, and sometimes I go out with him to catch sharks. You are not the only one who wants to get away from this place—"

"Hey, you!" The voice came from a doorway across the street, and came roughly. Steve saw a huge man, his cropped hair bleached white, turbulent eyes in a red visage,



cotton trousers fitting his legs like tights.

"Meaning me?"

"That's it. Come over here."

Nerida had vanished. Steve crossed over and entered a gin shop where, in a stifling back room, he was motioned to a broken-down chair beside a wicker table on which stood a bottle of schnapps.

"Name's Sam McGruder. Let's hear you talk. Who are you, and what the devil are you doing in Suissen?"

This was delivered with challenging force, and Steve, leaving his deportation from Soerabaja unmentioned, substantiated the information written on his missing papers.

Sam leaned back in his chair, tipping his battered sun helmet over one eye. In his face humor coordinated with brutality.

"No objection to liars, so long as they don't step on my corns," he boomed. "It's the nature of the lie that makes all the difference with me." His eyelids closed to mere slits. "You're a Britisher," he damned him.

Steve met his inspection without hostility. "I was born in Boston, Massachusetts, if you must know."

Sam credited this by sweeping a glass off the table, sending it crashing on the floor. "Well, I'm the father of that girl you were strollin' with, and I don't like the looks of you, so make yourself scarce before nightfall."

"Gladly, if you'll show me the way."

"I'm leavin' that to you."

There was nothing about Steve Lorimer to indicate fear of any man; and his apparent willingness to quit Suissen lessened the suspicion against him.

TRYING to get passage, Steve spent most of the time at the water front, and here one day Sam sought him.

"Ever handled shark?"

Steve answered the truculent question with a grin. "I've met up with a few land sharks in my time."

"I'm talkin' of the kind that'll rip the guts out of you if you happen to get pushed overboard. We'll see what sort of a sailorman you are—how that story of yours stands up." He pointed to as greasy a vessel as ever polluted water. "Be aboard that yawl of mine at six in the mornin' and take your turn at the wheel."

It was not a tempting offer, yet the news of it transported Nerida. "Now you stay here for a while—eh, Steve?" Come, she would take him to see the waterfall. Come, they would go for a swim.

His replies were monosyllabic and all in the negative.

"No," she stormed at him, "you are not like Gary Cooper! You are the deadest man I've ever seen. Never again will I ask you to do anything for me," she said, on the verge of tears. "I get food for you—fight with my father—make him give you work—"

"So you were the fairy god-mother," he laughed. "I'm commencing to see I owe you a great deal, Nerida." It was his first use of her name. "I'd like nothing better than your company. Unfortunately, I've a few problems on my hands, and I'm afraid your delectable presence puts a stop to any man's clear thinking."

The compliment was more apparent to her in the tone of his voice and in his gray eyes, but after a puzzled consideration of it her dark head tossed it aside.

"Maybe," she interpreted, "you are married?"

Steve laughed good-naturedly. "No, I'm not married. A wife has to be supported, I understand."

Her spirit revived. "Every man but you," she pouted, "follows me with his eyes. When I am in Singapore, English naval officers wink at me. Everybody turn their heads—the traffic cops, the bus drivers. There are fights over me all the time. My father knocks men down when they speak to me. He is going to find a very nice man for me soon."

"And a lucky man he will be," he acknowledged with amusement. "Now run along before your father boils me in oil. I want to live awhile longer."

She was at the jetty early the next morning when they put out to sea, her eyes only for him. The crew grinned broadly, and Sam, roaring out orders, deepened his scowl.

IN the six days they were away Steve conducted himself very well, taking his turn at the wheel with authority and skill. In the handling of sharks he was less at home, his youth and strength having to serve him in lieu of experience. Apart from giving orders, Sam hardly spoke to him; but the night they were headed back for Suissen, Steve was summoned to his small cabin.

"Drink up," Sam demanded, yanking the cork from the bottle with his teeth. "Maybe it'll loosen your tongue. You're no ordinary drifter. You don't talk like one or act like one. Clean linen's your speed—and I'd say a uniform!"

The blunt and precise analysis failed to ruffle Steve's composure. "I was too young to serve with the A. E. F.," he said. "But give me three square meals a day and I don't care what army I enlist in."

Sam swore. "I'm not talkin' about—" His brow had furrowed in perplexity. "Is it the law that's after you?" he demanded fiercely. "Are you layin' low from somebody?"

"Well"—the smile was disarming—"my hide feels safer removed from the vicinity of your daughter. That was the warning you gave me—I take it—when you told me to make myself scarce? I don't blame you for wanting the best for her. She's a beauty."

Sam grunted like a walrus. He drained his glass. "I'll be payin' you off in the mornin'—enough to get you down to Batavia. But if you want to stay," he conceded, glaring at him,

"we'll be goin' out for shark again one of these days."

Steve drank slowly in consideration of the matter. "If that's an offer, I'm your man. When I go, I'd like to get a few hundred miles beyond Batavia."

After that Steve ate at Lee Fong's, sleeping at night on the beach, where, despite the flies, it seemed a bit cooler. He still thought it politic to avoid Nerida, knowing that he was seldom out of her sight, well aware that other eyes were also watching him.

ONE twilight afternoon he was seated under a plantain, engaged in the removal of a bedded stone. On the beach a solitary figure claimed his immediate attention, and, hiding all traces of his excavation, he rose and went to meet her.

Nerida's sarong, this evening, was a brilliant green brocaded with a pattern of white flowers. In the glistening wave of her dark hair she wore a camellia. She looked at him with devoted eyes, her lower lip trembling a little. Not before had the exquisite appeal of her so disturbed him.

"Why do you hide from me?" she asked.

"Hide from you, Nerida? What-ever gave you that idea?"

She looked unhappy and subdued. "Father says I'm too bold. He says you don't like the way I dress. Is that true?"

"Of course not." Sam McGruder giving his daughter advice in the arts of courtship! Steve mentally explored the situation.

"I have lots of European dresses," she told him wistfully. "Dresses my father bought for me."

"You couldn't look more beautiful than you are now," he said. "I don't wonder at the sensation you cause in Singapore."

"Oh, I don't wear the sarong there. Father made me wear skirt and middy blouse, sailor hat, and shoes I had when I went to school." In repugnance of them the lifting of her shoulders delighted him. "The last time I got back here I burned the dam' things."

He tried not to laugh. "You went to school in Singapore?"

"In Saigon. Father put me there to learn French and play the piano and sing. I didn't like to be so far away—with strangers." Nerida sighed, her eyes limpid green in the twilight.

"You told me you longed to get away from here."

"But not alone. I am waiting until my father goes back to Ireland, where he was born—or to America. He is working on an invention. When that's finished he says we can live anywhere I like."

"What invention is that?"

She shrugged. "A new kind of electricity. He has a workshop in a grove of trees. Maybe you have seen the wire fence he has built around it so that people won't get hurt. It is dangerous there."

Steve proceeded cautiously: "Is he working alone?"

"Some engineers are helping him. Japanese. They live in the workshop all the time. Nobody's allowed to go there. One day I climbed a tree in order to get over the fence. My father caught me, and you could hear him swearing for miles around. He said I might have been electro—how do you say it?—burned to a crisp." She spoke absently, her eyes worshipping him. "What were you doing under that tree?"

He permitted the inquiry to confuse him for a moment. "Oh, just resting there—thinking."

"What about?"

"About you, as a matter of fact."

She said frankly: "I think about you all the time."

"I'm not worth it. You should keep your thoughts for the man your father—"

"I told him I'd never like any one but you."

He shifted uncomfortably. "Supposing something happened to your father when he was at sea. A storm—a typhoon. What would you do then?"

She regarded him intently. "But nothing can happen to my father. He is too big—far too strong. I love him very much. More than ever now," she said with quickening emotion. "Do you know why?" On tiptoe, her lips brushed his ear. "Because this afternoon he didn't swear much when I told him I loved you."

"You mustn't say that, Nerida. I'll be going away very soon."

Her fingers clung to his sleeve. "No—because father is going to put you in charge of his boats," she confided happily.

HE shook his head. "When I go, you'll never see me again. But," he added, "you won't want to."

She had taken a step away from him. "You know that isn't true," she half whispered.

"Perhaps not now. It will be true—when you know."

"There is"—her throat rippled—"there is some one else?"

He was silent.

She tried to speak, then turned and ran swiftly away.

Watching her disappear, Steve told himself he had said too much to her to hesitate any longer. It was sufficiently dark for his purpose, and from beneath a stone he took what he had long hidden there.

Unwittingly Nerida had solved one of his problems, enabling him to get into the grove without climbing the wire fence. It was not, he had learned, strongly charged. Its main purpose was to give warning of any approach.

The only available tree called for a difficult climb and a fifteen-foot drop. In accomplishing it Steve fell with a leg twisted under him. For a time he lay motionless.

It was too dark to see anything clearly, and, feeling his way, alert to every sound, he moved in the direction of a faint overhead sizzling and crackling. Suddenly he was almost touching a wooden building.

If the place had windows, they had

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FILE PROOF NO. 42



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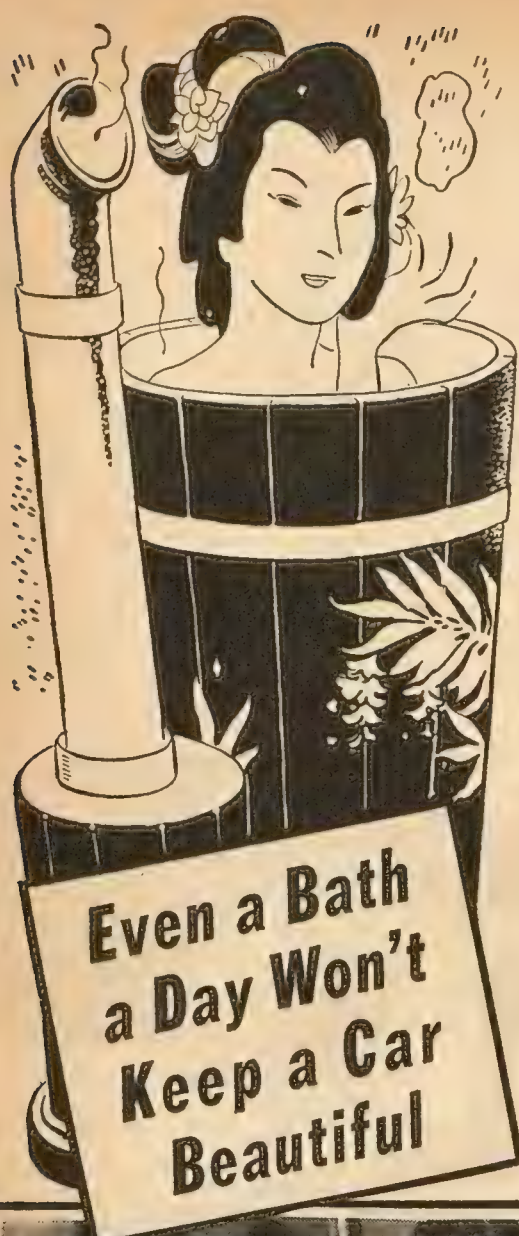


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been blackened out. On hands and knees he crawled around it until he saw a pencil of light marking the bottom of a door and the keyhole. Steve got to his feet and crashed the door, pile-driving into it with his left shoulder.

He was not the least surprised by what he saw. A radio station, replete—his practiced eyes told him—with the latest improvements for sending and receiving. The burst-open door had frozen the face of a Japanese, his brown hand glued to the dials. Near him Sam McGruder had jumped to his feet, upsetting his chair; but, like the Jap, he now seemed incapable of movement, his face a grotesque mask.

"If you're still trying to get your friends in Singapore," Steve grinned at them, "you're wasting your time. We knocked them off before I came up here."

He had a gun in his hand and a badge displayed on his shirt.

"You're under arrest, Sam. You too, whatever your name is," he said to the Jap. "Stand side by side, the two of you—facing the wall. Get moving before I lose my temper."

PURPLE-FACED, Sam's oaths filled the room.

"Move fast," Steve shouted at them, "or I'll let you have it where you stand! Interfering with arrest—that's how it'll read in the papers."

"A blasted Englishman—and a cop," Sam cursed him. "I said so from the beginning."

"Line up against the wall—your backs to me."

They obeyed him, and Steve's free hand quickly and efficiently went over them for weapons. Both were unarmed.

"All right; stay where you are. I'm going to do a little sending on my own. Nice set you've got here, Sam. I hope your friends in Tokyo paid you handsomely for the privilege of using it—because they've had their last message of British and American warship movements in and around Singapore. Neat bit of conniving. I had a hard time locating you."

Not for a moment had Sam stopped swearing. "You're not under the British flag here!" he roared. "This territory belongs to the Dutch."

"Got their permission too," Steve replied urbanely. "Right here in my pocket, Sam. One of the papers your houseboy didn't find on me. Understand the Dutch have been hoping to slap you in prison for quite some time. But in this instance you were up against British and American Naval Intelligence. That's a mighty long arm to monkey with."

"Garr!" Sam bellowed at him. "I'd like to get an arm around your blasted neck, you double-faced rat! Didn't have the guts to tackle it like a man. You had to pussyfoot around—makin' eyes at that daughter of mine—tellin' her you loved her and wanted to marry her—you dirty rat—until you learned from her how to get in here."

So the picturesque Nerida had

slightly exaggerated the results of her courtship. Steve smiled, facing his prisoners, and moving the dials with a left hand.

"Calling 3-3-0. Calling 3-3-0." He grinned at Sam. "That's a Dutch gunboat somewhere around here. They're going to have the pleasure of taking you to Singapore."

"Calling 3-3-0," he intoned, laying down his gun to adjust the ear-phones. "Steve Lorimer calling. . . . Yep. I'm at Suissen. Located the station all right. In charge of it now, holding two prisoners. Ask for Sam McGruder's workshop. There's a wire fence around it—may be charged—"

Attracted by Sam's silence, he looked up; but then it was too late to grab his gun. Behind him a crisp voice said:

"Your hands up, please."

Despite the absurdly polite order, Steve knew enough to obey, rising and turning his head. In an open door, or panel, stood a second Jap, squat and sinister-looking, pointing a blue revolver. On the instant an exchange of unintelligible words machine-gunned back and forth across him, Sam adding his own fire to it in a mixture of Japanese and English.

Steve instinctively felt the trend of it and knew he had about one second more to live. He was about to spring and go down fighting when Sam hurled his bulk across the floor, shouting at the armed Jap.

"You bloody fool! That'll only make it worse for us."

The two Orientals were still in rapid conversation, in palpable agreement, the one with the revolver resolute.

"Don't pull that trigger!" Sam yelled at him. "Crack him over the head—and we'll get away on that boat of mine—"

How it happened Steve Lorimer was never able to say. It seemed as if the Jap's aim was not so steady as his infernal calm indicated. Sam, however, appeared to move toward him simultaneously with the shot. In the next instant the room was in darkness and silence, except for a curious slithering sound on the floor.

STEVE groped for the place where he had laid his gun. Something hard touched his fingers, and he had possession of it again, with all its comforting feeling as he felt his way along the wall to the panel through which the two Japs had disappeared. There he found and pressed an electric-light button.

Sam was lying on the floor, a small circle of blood on his cotton shirt. Right over his heart though it was, the old reprobate still lived, a distorted grin on his lips.

"Never thought I'd do that for a blasted Englishman," he coughed. He was going fast. "No," he struggled, "not for you. For Nerida. Black mark on her—father in jail—"

Steve bent over him, sacrificing sympathy in the pursuit of his duty. "Where can I find those Japs?"

Only by placing an ear close to

Sam's lips did he catch the name "Lee Fong" and the words "back room—upstairs—"

He was at the radio dials, again calling 3-3-0, when Nerida flew into the room through the smashed door. Steve went toward her, the agony on her young face stopping him in his tracks.

She stood still, glancing first at the revolver in his hand, then gazing beyond him at the floor, her graceful body beginning to quiver.

"Nerida—"

She cast him a look of such penetrating bitterness and hatred that he felt it pierce him like an arrow. "I know," she said. "They told me who you were."

A graven image, she walked mechanically past him, dropped to her knees, and looked down on her father's graying face.

"He—killed—my—father."

The words, evenly spaced, emphasizing her utter incredibility, made Steve Lorimer wince.

"Daddy," she sobbed, touching his hand as if he were still alive. "I—I loved him—and he came here to kill you. Oh, dear God—"

"Nerida—let me explain—"

She lifted her face to him, and to the end of his days he would never forget the havoc in her eyes, the anguish of them, their stark pain. It was as though the light in them had gone out forever.

"Don't touch me," she murmured. "Don't come near me. Please go away," she begged piteously. "You've killed me too—and I want to be left alone with him."

Confronted by that inconsolable grief, which he himself had brought about, he turned and sought the enveloping blackness of the night.

A WEEK later his job was over, and a clever Japanese espionage ring smashed. On request of the Admiral of the American Fleet in the Far East, Stephen Lorimer—expert in telephone, cable, and radio communication—had been temporarily attached to the British Secret Service in Singapore.

"I wish we could keep you," a high-ranking British official congratulated him. He had just presented Steve with a check for one thousand pounds. "I understand you are being returned to your Washington department. I wish you a very pleasant voyage."

"I've a little job to finish in Suissen first, sir."

"Back to that place? What for?"

"Personal reasons only." He visualized a beach at twilight, and the figure of a girl in green sarong and sandals, a camellia in her glistening hair.

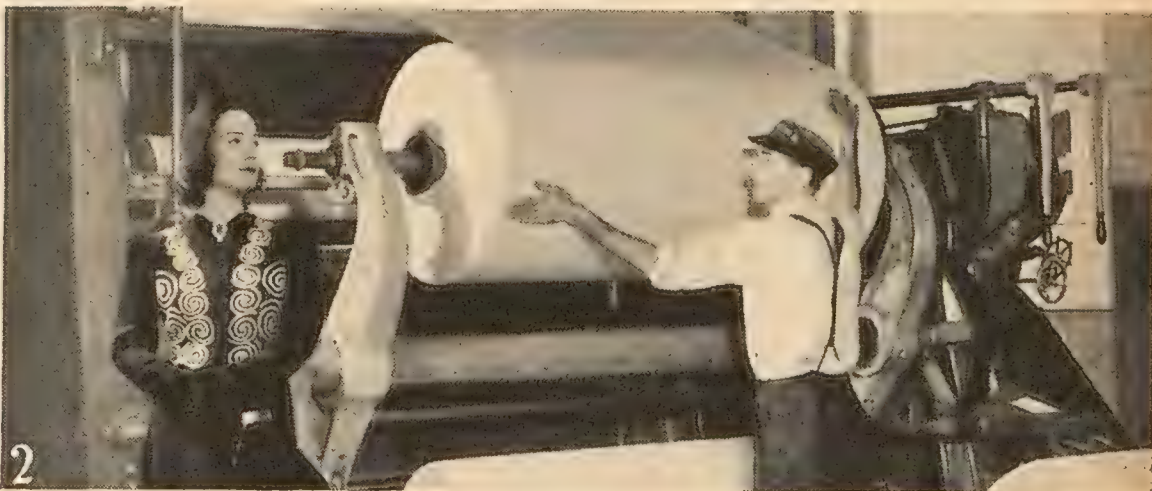
"Well, the best of luck to you," the officer said, shaking hands with him.

"And I may need it, sir. On the other hand," Steve smiled, "it's nothing that a little persuasion and sincerity won't fix, I guess. Hope so, anyway."

THE END



Sigrid Gurie, star of the New Universal picture, "Rio", is . . .



. . . pictured getting the low-down on how paper is made. Many of the largest paper manufacturers are big . . .



. . . users of Sinclair lubricants to guard their costly machines against breakdowns. Your car is a costly machine, too. So why not take a tip from industry and . . .



. . . keep your car Sinclair lubricated. Your nearby Sinclair Dealer is featuring a special Sinclair-ize for Winter Service. It prepares your car for winter driving as its manufacturer recommends. Ask your Sinclair Dealer about his Sinclair-ize for Winter Service.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

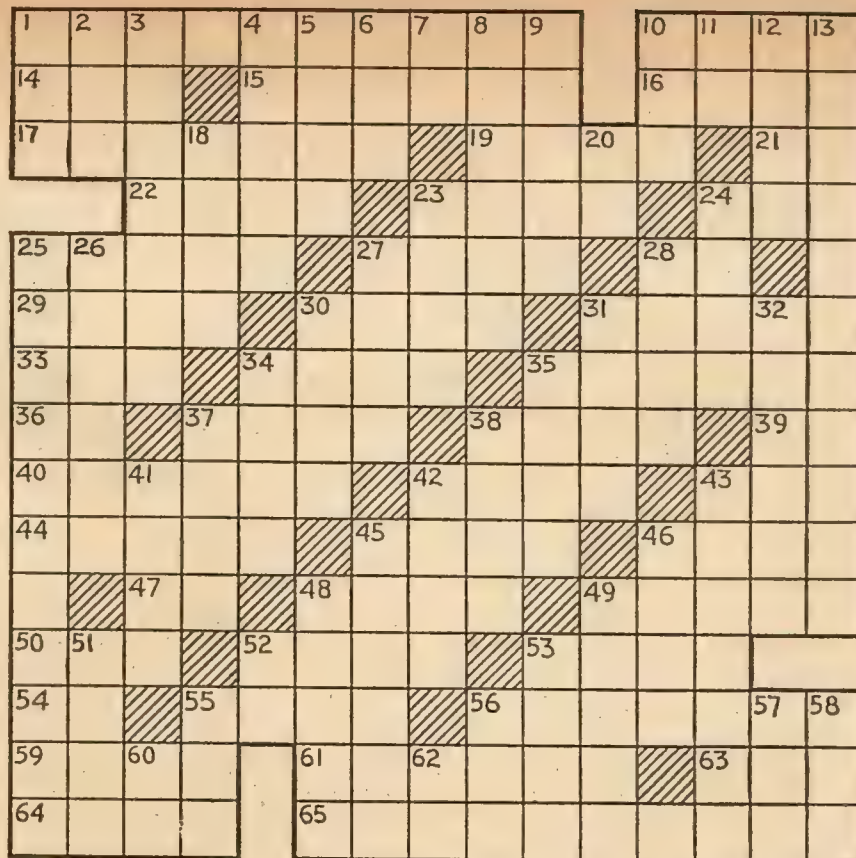
- 1 Heil Tovariches
- 10 It's dull and sickening
- 14 Blue Boy, now Old
- 15 Shakespearean perfume center
- 16 Watershed for upper labial hirsute sprouts
- 17 Coupé game
- 19 A gal unlike ma
- 21 Whom you advise the kid to tell
- 22 Mug handles
- 23 Title open for Stalin the First
- 24 Money player
- 25 He felt a choking sensation in the morning but was sung about the night before
- 27 Spinach in its true light
- 28 Printer's double talk
- 29 Give the bum's rush to

- 30 Chief output of a shirt factory
- 31 He'd save his own sole, the stingy heel
- 33 Red-faced individual, now reserved
- 34 Guy wot don't hit no dame wid his hat on
- 35 Cross between a skid and a cucumber
- 36 Bluffing Hitler (abbr.)
- 37 Difference between a German and an American
- 38 The love of Adolf
- 39 Tantalizing Chamberlain (abbr.)
- 40 Orchestral molars
- 42 You slap it to save it around Shanghai
- 43 502
- 44 What the Culbertsons do with their rubbers
- 45 Baby souse
- 46 It's killed at kamp
- 47 One Without (abbr.)
- 48 We'd enjoy seeing the Nazis do it
- 49 While Mrs. McMushbaum feeds her face, Mrs. Astorbilt does this
- 50 What Nazis used to see, but now see Nazis
- 52 Headacre for the farmer
- 53 It's a washout
- 54 You clumsy thing!
- 55 French gal-gamin
- 56 Hunks of poetry
- 59 Happily married

- horse with child
- 61 Red-faced individual, now reserved
- 63 It's on the house
- 64 What unwelcome guests do after midnight
- 65 What are maps and furniture constantly being?

VERTICAL

- 1 He's got a face like an eight-day clock
- 2 One of the better things people go to
- 3 Liberty
- 4 Moss on the chassis
- 5 What a hard-working bird does
- 6 Bo (slang)
- 7 Inverted Bolsheviks (abbr.)
- 8 Smacks in the puss
- 9 Mixture of grass and oil
- 10 Bang-bang juice
- 11 It goes with a hum
- 12 Oldest employer I know
- 13 They're neither dictated nor red
- 18 Immanuel, der Cherman thinker
- 20 Birthplace of puzzles
- 23 Canvas Waldorf
- 24 It leans backward when Mussolini yells
- 25 Old Russian symbol (two words)
- 26 Man of a few million words



- 27 A change from water
- 28 Needle factory
- 30 Household tyrants
- 31 When a captain marries a widow, he becomes her second one
- 32 Amount of the world Hitler wants
- 34 Europe's favorite red flower
- 35 What women can't do in or out of gages
- 37 Gravy catcher
- 38 It was a tight

- squeeze but he kissed her good night here
- 41 Wave it and it can make pink elephants appear
- 42 Most sensitive thing about Hollywood
- 43 Der City uff Horrible Wrong
- 45 Two-fisted salt
- 46 Industry's hottest spot
- 48 He sounds like bunk but allah same good medicine man

- 49 Well known Lady with Manners
- 51 Quick out
- 52 Fish head
- 53 It's up in the air over Europe
- 55 What Culbertson opened with
- 56 An address in England
- 57 Uncompleted street
- 58 Charlie Chaplin's brother
- 60 Sunniest thing about Rameses
- 62 Baby pop

ZULU ZIBET TYMP
EROSIONS REHEAL
BE ERSN STORY DO
UDO KA RIPE DEY
OKA LIEGE AIL
PSALM ODE UNIDID
Y YEARN RAN ONE
GO SPY IDS EN
AND LET AMEND T
LOOSE RAG ROOTS
MOO SANER BOW
GAR SPIT EM MID
ON AKIN ATOM NU
ACIDIC TREPANGS
LYRE EYOTS POET

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



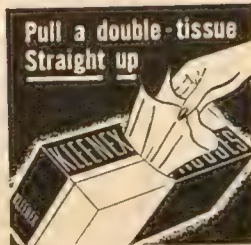
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A cop said: "Why don't you kids get married and cart home some of this silver?"

NEWSPAPERMAN

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

On the Chicago Tribune young Eddie Doherty was happy, but his pay was too small to get married on. He was boxing every night; why not become a second John L. Sullivan? Eventually he put on the gloves with Andre Anderson, a big "white hope." He managed to land his Sunday punch—and Andre wouldn't crumple! The mortified Eddie quit the ring forever.

An archduke was bumped off in Europe, and to Eddie fell the important job of writing, mostly with scissors and paste, the story of the tragic life of the archduke's uncle, Francis Joseph by name. In midsummer he was covering the hanging of a murderer when the cables brought word that a European war had started. That same summer he went

up into Wisconsin to claim his Madge. She received him fondly, but the next day she bade him good-by and slipped him a letter: She was going to marry another man.

PART FIVE—A SUDDEN AWAKENING

WALTER WASHBURNE greeted me with Jovian humor in the Press Club.

"This won't do, Eddie. This will never do. Look. A button loose on your coat. And you a bridegroom!"

"I'm not married," I had to confess.

"What happened?" he asked.

"I don't know exactly. I guess I forgot to duck."

"Well, maybe it's all for the best. What are you drinking?"

"Water. Straight."

"Happy on the Tribune?"

Wash had left the Tribune, and was acting city editor on the Herald. Jim Keeley, who had been general manager of the Tribune, had bought the Record-Herald early in 1914, had renamed it simply the Herald, and now confidently expected to make it Chicago's leading paper.

The Tribune men, those who hadn't gone with Keeley, thought otherwise. We were sorry for Wash and all the others who had left us. They could never come back.

I thought Wash's question silly. Of course I was happy on the Tribune. "Sure," I said. "And I got a raise since you left."

"I'll bet every man in the city room got a raise. Howey doesn't want any more men leaving him. Why don't you come over to the Herald? I'll give you thirty-five."

"Not me."

Wash pretended sympathy. "I see. You want security. Well, thirty a week isn't bad, even if you never get any more. You'll never be fired. I don't blame you for not taking a

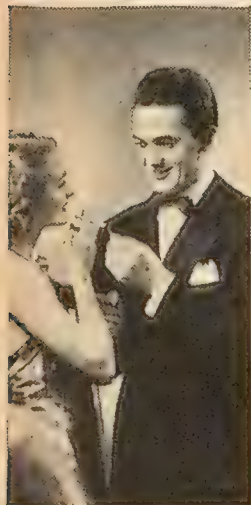
Dreams, lost and found, come swiftly true in the searching record of one man's journey through life

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

GOOD-LOOKING HAIR

**Wins the approval of men—
the admiration of women!**



Use the VITALIS "60-Second Workout"

GOOD-LOOKING HAIR smartly accents your appearance—helps win you friendly approval and respect. It's a sign of good grooming that marks the "up-and-coming" man. And it's easy to have—with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Just massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Sluggish circulation quickens . . . your scalp loses its tightness . . . becomes free and supple. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oils—overcoming dryness. Note, too, how Vitalis routs loose dandruff. And now, comb your hair. It's lustrous—easy to manage—stays in place. And no objectionable "patent-leather" look, either.

Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today. With the "60-Second Workout", have good-looking hair always!

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Vitalis Sealtubes!



1 50 Seconds to Rub— Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—your hair takes on a rich, new lustre.



2 10 Seconds to Comb— Your hair has a well-groomed, attractive lustre—without a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

chance on a new paper, a paper that's going places, Eddie."

Stanley Mitchell, an old friend, sauntered toward our table. "You and Wash and I will run the local room, if you come with us," he said. "And you and I will be war correspondents if this lousy war keeps up. Keeley can't lose."

"I'm sticking to the Trib," I said.

Wash signaled to Jeff for another round of drinks. "You ought to learn how to handle a staff, Eddie. You may want to be a city editor some day. I'll teach you. Anyway, you come to the Herald. What are you drinking? Water?"

"Scotch. Two Scotches."

"With a little water?"

"Straight."

I gulped them down, one after the other, hurried back to see Howey—who was still at work—and resigned. I felt like a traitor as I left the local room. I felt like an exile. Well, I'd have an extra five to send my Uncle Joe every week. My uncle, a telegraph operator, then working in Duluth, had written a novel. A New York firm would publish it, he wrote me, as soon as he could send them \$1,000. Could I let him have \$300? He could raise the rest. I might send it in easy installments.

I didn't want to send the money. I had no faith in the book. But I didn't know how to refuse him.

FOR that matter, I didn't know how to refuse anybody anything. Uncle Joe's request had set me to wondering about myself:

I'm making more money now than my father ever did—yet I look like a hobo. I haven't been to a barber in months. I can't afford it. Why? Because I let every bum and cadger and moocher nick me for every cent I have. And if I haven't what they want, I'm sucker enough to go borrow it for them.

It isn't the love of God or man that actuates me. Then what is it? Am I afraid of all these moochers? Afraid to offend them? Maybe it's because I like the way they say "Gee, thanks, Eddie." That makes me a big guy. The rich Eddie Doherty! He's always got it! The fathead!

I had decided to send my uncle the money—and to discipline myself I had sent him ten dollars every week.

"Suffer, you boob," I bade myself. "Maybe you'll learn to keep some money by going without it for a while."

I started to smoke a pipe, and made myself like it. I wore old clothes to the office. I cut down on my midnight lunches. Occasionally I walked or ran several miles to save a nickel carfare. I began saying no. But I usually finished by saying, "Well, all right, if you got to have it."

Shortly after I joined the Herald staff I found a job for my kid brother Martin. He started as a copy boy; but before many weeks he was writing stories, tales of his own strange and amusing adventures. I was so delighted with the first of these that I took it to Wash. He gloated over it, had it illustrated, and stuck it on the feature page under Marty's by-line.

Yep, the redhead earned a by-line long before I did.

"I'll make a great reporter out of you," I promised. But Marty shook his head. He wasn't going to be a newspaperman. He was going to be a priest.

"You're crazy," I told him. "Why, you're not yet seventeen. You don't know anything. You're throwing your life away."

His freckled face was serene and knowing.

"You were more than three years younger than I am now when you went to the monastery. Remember? I think you were crazy to leave the monastic life—even for a girl like Marie Ryan."

"Marie had nothing to do with it."

"That's what you think. If you don't hurry up and marry her, Ed, you'll lose her."

"I don't know whether to put you over my knee and spank you," I said, "or to wish you luck."

"Wish him luck," said Wash, who had an uncanny knack of overhearing. "Some day we'll make him Pope."

It was pleasant to work with Wash and Stanley Mitchell. But after Arthur Clarke came to us as city editor, it was more than pleasant. Clarke was an easy-going smiling handsome man. He got out a magnifi-

cent first edition. It was full of well written stories, features and news.

But in spite of it the Herald continued to lose money, whereas the Tribune, under the new management, went merrily on its way to glory.

More than once I wished I had stayed there. Yet it was good to be where I was, for I had Jack Lait to study.

If I could write like Lait!

THE Eastland, an excursion boat, toppled over in the Chicago River and drowned several hundred men, women, and children.

I was home at the time. The desk called me.

"The boat's lying on her side. You get on her and stay there. We want a graphic picture from you, Eddie. Get down there right away. Stay on the side of the boat until three o'clock."

There were great crowds all about the pier when I arrived. It was difficult to push my way through. At the pier there were hundreds of cops.

I started to walk on to the vessel's side, but a police captain barred my way—Captain Barney Baer, my father's boss.

"Stay where you are, Butch," he said. "No reporters allowed here."

I showed him my police card.

"Look, Barney," I said. "This is a police card. Schuettler's name is on it. You know Schuettler? He's only the chief of police. He says here, over his signature, that I may pass through all police lines in Chicago."

I felt very brave, as there were a dozen or more reporters with me.

"Beat it," Baer said.

"Get out of my way," I shouted, crazy mad in a second, "or I'll poke you in the snoot! My orders are to get on that boat and stay there. And I'm going to do just that, if I have to knock you down."

I was about to hit him when some one grabbed my wrist. "Easy now," my father's voice said. "It's seven years bad luck to hit a cop."

"Then get him out of my way, Boss," I said.

My father let go my wrist. "Oh, to hell with Barney Baer," he said. "Don't mind him. Go ahead. Who's keeping you? On your way."

There was a mist above the boat all day and at times a drizzling rain. I didn't mind it. I scarcely felt it. I stayed on the side of the ship until nearly three o'clock, watching men with acetylene torches cutting wide round holes in the steel, watching bodies come up on ropes, watching a priest standing under an umbrella make the sign of the cross.

Bodies of boys and girls in holiday clothes, little faces with the marks of heels on their cheeks; bodies of women in beautiful summer frocks—clothes discolored and soaked with the filthy water in the hold; bodies of men, bodies that looked as though they had been hanged after they had been drowned.

As I was leaving I saw Billy Reidy, and didn't know him until he called

my name. "Your brother Jim is lucky," he said. "He didn't come with us."

"You were on the boat?"

"Yeah. Me and Frank Hawkins. We were on the dance floor, on the starboard side. Near a porthole. We were talking about the crowd on board. The Eastland was overloaded. A boat passed, going toward the lake. Everybody on deck rushed to get a look at it.

"Me and Frank, we laughed. We thought it was funny as hell, the way she lurched. She was anchored right at the dock. Then she tipped a little

further. Frank began to slide down the slippery dance floor. He was laughing and trying to find something to hang on to. And everybody else was sliding down too, and the chairs and the piano.

"Everybody began screaming and fighting. Then the water started pouring in.

"Me? I was up and out through the porthole before I knew it. I didn't hear any screaming any more. And I wasn't even wet."

He didn't cry. He was beyond crying.

"What about Jim?"



ADOLESCENT PIMPLES can make YOUR girl or boy moody and self-conscious

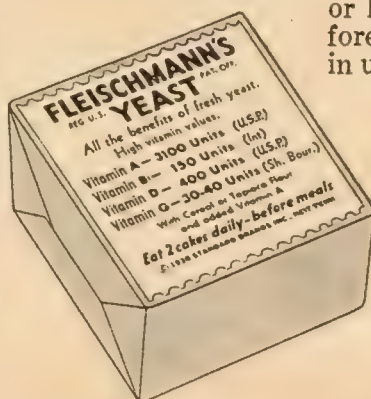
MOTHERS should realize pimples can make boys and girls bitterly unhappy. Two reasons these blemishes often afflict young people are:

FIRST—The skin is oversensitive between the ages of 13 and 25. Then sluggish intestinal action helps bring out these eruptions.

SECOND—Your boy or girl may require extra Vitamin A, a vitamin important in helping to keep the skin attractive looking.

Many wise mothers are giving their boys and girls Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. It gives aid for *both* these troubles. This *fresh* yeast helps quicken sluggish intestinal action. And 2 cakes give you over 6000 units of Vitamin A!

See that *your* boy or girl with broken-out skin eats 2 cakes *every* day, one ½ hour before breakfast or lunch, another ½ hour before supper. Wonderful results in under 30 days, many report.



THIS* GIRL FOUND REAL HELP

"My face was so badly broken out, I got so I thought everyone was staring at me. But after I ate Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast my skin began to look better. It was just grand how much it helped me."

*name on request

New
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helps this skin trouble even more!

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FOR
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I LIKE
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FOR COLD
SYMPTOMS



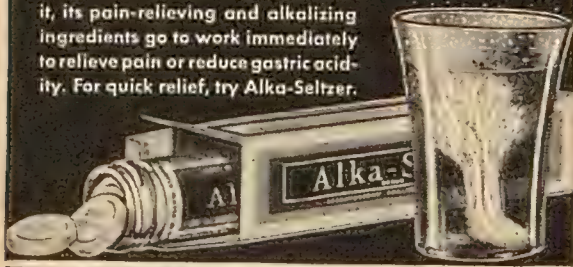
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ALKA-SELTZER
FOR ACID
INDIGESTION



I LIKE
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FOR MUSCULAR
FATIGUE

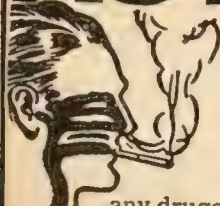
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**BLOSSER'S
MEDICAL CIGARETTES**

"He's lucky. He overslept. He didn't make the boat. You didn't see Frank's body, did you, Ed? I got to find Frank. I got to see him. . . ."

"No. I haven't seen him."

I was sick when I wrote my story. I was worse when I got home. My father poured me a tumblerful of whisky and put me to bed.

I read my story with pride the next morning. Then I read Jack Lait's, and realized I was still a cub.

If I could write like that!

I HAD been on the Herald only a few months when I met Marie. I hadn't seen her in years. I hadn't written her. I hadn't heard from her.

On the evening of November 20, 1914, my parents celebrated their

Where can a boy and a girl be more alone than on a crowded dance floor, with music playing, and everybody bumping into them? Where can they better conceal the flames leaping up within them, and at the same time make the flames leap higher?

Marty had scrubbed and waxed the attic floor, and hung Chinese lanterns from the rafters. There was an orchestra seated in a dark corner. We two-stepped for a while, then stopped, knowing each other's thought.

"I can't let go of you," I whispered. "Not ever. Something's happened to me. I'm alive! I want to marry you. I've got to marry you. I'll go mad if I don't marry you. Let's not wait. Let's do it now. Tonight."

**On the Cover of a Forthcoming Issue
of Liberty You Will Read the Title**

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Watch for the opening chapters—you will not want to miss a word of this searching history of a man who looms large on the national political horizon, compiled by a writer whose judgment of men is as keen as his pen is facile. Rupert Hughes has written what you want to know about Thomas E. Dewey. Coming soon in Liberty!

silver-wedding anniversary. There was a great crowd in the house. Neighbors. Relatives. Old friends. Nearly every one we knew. The long table in the dining room was laden with silver gifts.

And there, gazing at them, was Marie.

Sometimes a blind man suddenly recovers the use of his eyes. Sometimes a deaf-mute bursts suddenly into coherent speech. Sometimes a dead man wakes.

I was no longer blind. But I was still deaf and dumb. And I stood as still as though I were dead.

I had known her all her life, and had never seen her before. I had loved her all her life, and never known how deeply.

There she was. Tall and slim and regal. There were fireflies in her blue eyes. Her cheeks were aglow. She came straight into my arms.

A cop standing near us rubbed his elbow against my ribs.

"Cut it out. That's against the law. Say, why don't you kids get married and cart home some of this silver? Butch'll have to sell most of it, or give it away, if you don't take it off his hands."

"Let's dance," I whispered to Marie.

"Oh, Eddie!" she said. "Oh, Eddie!"

I felt her heart beat. Or was it mine I felt?

"I always knew you'd ask me," I heard her say. "I always knew I'd be your wife. But—oh, Eddie—not tonight."

"Tonight, darling. Now. Let's go now. How many years we've wasted!"

"Not tonight, Eddie. I couldn't."

"Tomorrow then."

"Tomorrow's Sunday."

"Monday. I'll meet you at your home. Early. We'll be married as soon as the license bureau opens."

"Dance," she said. "Dance, darling. Everybody's looking."

We sneaked out of the house as soon as we could. We walked for hours, beneath the skeletons of trees with little star points caught in their black ribs, across streetcar tracks, through drowsing thoroughfares.

"God meant us for each other," she said. "I've always known that. All my life I've lived just to marry you. I've always dreamed of the night you'd ask me. It happened as I dreamed it would. In the middle of a dance. With music playing. With friends all around us—with love all around us."

"But don't make me marry you so soon. Let me enjoy this happiness as long as I can, Eddie, this feeling that I'm going to marry you at last."

"Monday morning," I said. "Something might happen if we wait too long."

Early Monday morning I borrowed what money I could from my mother, bought a new shirt and a tie, spent an hour in a barbershop, then went to the office building where Marie worked and paced up and down the lobby floor until she came.

If I only had that three hundred dollars I sent to Uncle Joe! I thought. And if I only had half the money I've shelled out to moochers, how glad I'd be! We'd go on a cruise around the world. We'd buy a house. And all the furniture we'll need. And I'd buy her a diamond as bright as her eyes, if there's such a diamond in the world.

I had a lot of nerve asking her to marry me, when I didn't have a dime of my own, and wouldn't have until next payday. But when I saw her, my lack of money meant nothing to me.

"We won't really be married today, Eddie, will we?" she asked.

"We really will."

We started up La Salle Street.

"Where are we going?"

"To the County Building."

SHE thought that over for a moment. "We can walk up that way. But we won't go in."

We went in.

"It was cold outside," Marie said. "That's why I came in. But we won't really go to the license bureau."

We walked up the stairs to the bureau on the second floor, and paid for the license.

"It's all right to get the license today," she said. "We can use it any time. But, oh, let's wait, darling."

We walked down the steps and stopped to kiss each other.

"And now the ring," I said. "Or would you rather lunch first?"

"Lunch!" she cried. "We'll get the ring later, if you insist. We can always use that too."

We lunched at Henrici's in Randolph Street, held hands under the tablecloth, and ate scarce anything.

"Don't look at me like that," she whispered. "Your eyes are all on fire. Everybody'll know."

"Let them. Let the world know. And your eyes are shining too."

We bought the ring and went to a priest I knew. And, God bless us, sure he'd marry us! And ah, didn't Young Butch Doherty have all the luck in the world? And how had he won so fine and beautiful and sweet a lass, an angel of God no less, with God's own blue in her eyes? This was the girl he'd known all his life? Of course, of course! Ah, so that's why he changed his mind about the priesthood! And who could blame him?

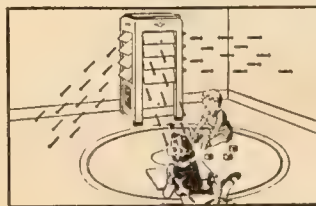
But suddenly, to my dismay and his confusion, the good father found he couldn't marry us at all, at all, though it cut him to the heart, it did, to tell us so. Sure now, didn't we

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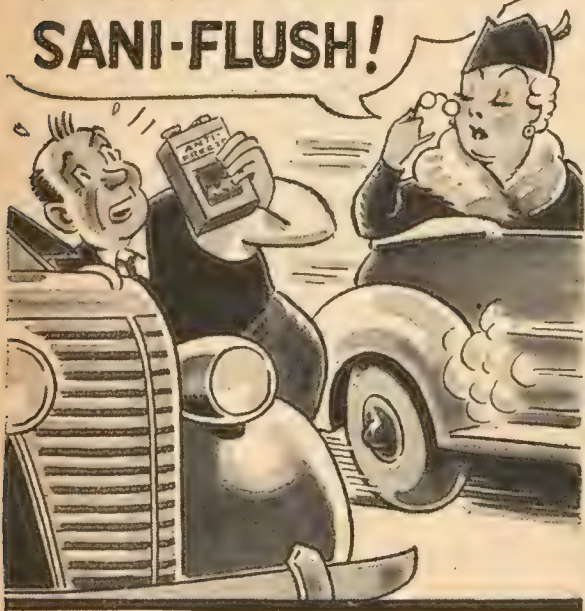
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BORAX, IODINE AND BRAN



realize that it was the holy season of Advent, when good Catholics shouldn't marry? And didn't I know the bride's pastor should be told, and the banns must be published three Sundays running?

I couldn't understand it.

We walked down State Street, hand in hand, and I was trying to think of another priest who would marry us, Advent or not, without waiting for any banns.

"I made signs behind your back," Marie explained. "That's why he remembered it was Advent. Forgive me, Eddie. But it's so wonderful, so lovely, just to know I'm going to marry you soon. Ask me again. Now. Say

fore, watching her walk down this same aisle to her First Communion.

She was dressed in white then, too. And there was a white veil, like a halo, framing her innocent face—a veil very like her wedding veil, I thought.

I remember kneeling at her side, holding her hand, listening to her vows. I remember holding her fast when the priest had finished. I remember her voice saying: "Oh, Eddie, I really am your wife!"

Jim was my best man. Evangeline Galvin, Marie's cousin, was maid of honor. Who gave the bride away? I cannot say. The bride was dressed in a gown of white satin, made by her mother. The bridegroom was attired



The excursion boat Eastland on her side in the Chicago River, at the pier.

'Will you marry me, Marie?' Say 'I want to marry you. I've got to marry you. I'll go mad if I don't.'"

I said it. Over and over again. In the street. And in the box in McVicker's Theatre where we fled from the cold. I was still saying it when the final curtain fell and lights blossomed throughout the house.

We were married on a December evening. In Advent. In St. Sylvester's Church.

I remember it vaguely. Only a few incidents stand out.

The nave was cold and dimly lighted. But it was warm at the altar where I stood with my brother Jim, and it was bright from the flames of many candles.

I saw Marie start down the center aisle, but I can't say who walked with her, nor tell who the bridesmaids were, nor how they were dressed, nor what flowers they bore in their arms.

I don't remember whether the organ played Here Comes the Bride, or whether it played at all. But I do remember the sound of footsteps coming toward me, making echoes in the almost empty church. And I do remember the look in Marie's face when she came into the sheen of the candles—the same look I'd noted years be-

in formal evening clothes, rented for the night.

Somebody helped us into a limousine when we left the church. We were on the way to the reception at the home of Marie's aunt—the house my mother owns today.

"Mrs. Eddie Doherty," I said, "in all my life I've never told you I love you. I can't say it now—because I've said it to so many other girls and thought I meant it. I'm trying to find a stronger word than love, a more beautiful word. But I can't. There isn't any word lovely enough even to hint how much I adore you."

"You never had to say anything," she answered. "I always knew. I've always loved you too—and never said so. The way I love you, Eddie, I feel holy! Holy as a nun when she gives herself to God. Even if no priest had sanctified my love for you, I'd feel just as happy, just as clean, just as holy, giving myself to you."

I wiped sudden tears from my eyes. "All my life," I said, "I've sought the Holy Grail. Once, in my white youth, I thought to find it in a monastery. But it wasn't there. Not the Grail I needed. I never knew, though, just what the Grail was. Not until tonight, when you knelt beside me at

the altar. I've found the Holy Grail at last, and I'll keep it forever and ever and ever."

Somebody on the other side of me broke into sobs. I turned and saw Mrs. Ryan, her mother.

"Sir Galahad!" she cried. "Sir Galahad, my son!"

Ever after that she called me Galahad.

Marie and I slipped away from the reception. Mother saw us leaving, and put a ten-dollar bill into my hand. Had it not been for that, there would have been no honeymoon trip for us.

We had a night and a day. We spent it in the Loop—a strange, far-off city, a fairy country such as my grandmother had pictured for us when we were children, an enchanted island with nobody there but us.

A night and a day, and we came home to the flat in Kimball Avenue where Marie lived with her mother. The trip was over, but the honeymoon lingered on. I moved in all my belongings the next day—a whole suitcase full. I was the lord and master of four little rooms. I was a man at last.

Love's young dream of marriage as it came true for him and for Marie—even though she worked daytimes and he nights, and the bank where they kept their money failed, and there was a World War on—will again be made real and rapturous, to you, in next week's installment of Mr. Doherty's own story.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 39

- 1—Senator Robert A. Taft's.
- 2—Great Britain and North Ireland, 65,721; Germany, 27,370.
- 3—Forget-me-not; columbine; sunflower.
- 4—By a count of red corpuscles in the blood.
- 5—Because of variation in the amount of pectin, the congealing element.
- 6—The Wizard of Oz.
- 7—The Vistula.
- 8—Iceland and Sweden; Japan; Bulgaria; Greece.
- 9—Plain and fancy high diving for men and women; springboard diving for women; and the pole vault, according to the American Olympic Committee.
- 10—The zone 16 degrees wide, 8 degrees on each side of the ecliptic, which is the sun's apparent yearly path among the stars.
- 11—Scolding and quarrelsomeness.
- 12—Thirty-six miles at the Bering Strait.
- 13—The University of Minnesota.
- 14—Musical organizations.
- 15—Cirrus clouds are filmy types formed at altitudes of 20,000 to 40,000 feet; cumulus clouds are massy formations formed between 5,000 and 15,000 feet.
- 16—Somerville, Massachusetts, with 36,440 people to the square mile.
- 17—The Hall of Mirrors, Versailles.
- 18—John Cobb, with 368.85 miles an hour, at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, August 23, 1939.
- 19—Hockey; badminton; curling.
- 20—

Lew Fields



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AT THE Lambs' Gambol, dependable and hilarious Bobby Clark tore down the house with this one. The scene shows a soldier husband who returns unexpectedly and catches Clark (the interloper) in his house. "What are you doing here? Trying to ruin my happiness—break up my home?" "I know you won't believe me," pleadingly answered Clark, "but I'm waiting here for vaudeville to come back."

When the soldier did believe him, Clark turned to the audience and said, "I'll take this up with Congress. Think of leaving the safety of our nation in the hands of such a dumb cluck!"

Before the Dies Investigation Committee a Mr. Gilbert admitted that he feared a revolution in this country, fostered by subversive elements. Also admitted he was building a concrete hideaway in the Southern woods for safety during the uprising. One of the dauntless senators on the committee, hearing about this, repeated the tale of the old general in the Civil War saying: "Men, when the enemy gets within fifty feet of our trenches, I want you to retreat. Seein' I'm a little lame, I'm startin' now!"

DICTATED BUT NOT READ

"Charity begins at home—but always ends up in a hotel banquet, using up all the collections."

"No prominent man ever objects to a falsehood about himself, provided the fabrication is complimentary."

"The wearing part about lying is the rehearsals."

GIVE TILL IT HURTS

The yarn making the rounds at this time concerns the much harassed John D. Rockefeller, Jr. In spite of the multiple demands upon his generous heart, he is not hard to reach. But one thing he cannot countenance is what is termed the professional sanctimonious "moocher." Into his office one late afternoon came one of these gents. And it didn't take him long to turn on the crocodile tears and go into his monologue. "Believe me, Mr. Rockefeller, I walked all the way from Yonkers just to see you. In every store I went to, everybody I talked to—everybody said, 'Go and see Mr. Rockefeller. He's a very charitable man—he gives all his money away,'" Rockefeller listened to the end and then said, "Pardon me, but are you going back to Yonkers the same way you came?" "Yes, Mr. Rockefeller." "Then do me a favor, sir—deny the rumors for me."

No man is more called on or more responding than George M. Cohan. He was asked to go to a distant city, to appear at a benefit. He was surprised when he was asked what he wanted for his services. "Burned up" at that, he demanded a thousand

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dollars. After a bit of deliberation, the organization decided to give it to him—though they argued that it was a pretty steep amount. When they thought it was all settled, Cohan changed his mind and boosted his stipend up to two thousand dollars. After the committee recovered its breath, it asked for an explanation. Why two thousand dollars, when it was all settled for a thousand? Then that great smile came over Cohan's face, and with that inimitable twist of his head, he replied: "It's for charity, isn't it, gentlemen? Well, as I intend to donate every cent back to your organization, why should I look like a piker?"

GOOD, BAD, OR INDIFFERENT

Dorothy ("female of the speeches is more deadly than the male") Parker attended a soirée honoring some budding author. His publisher, present, cried, "He writes for the ages!" "Between five and six years old," came Miss Parker's rapier thrust.

Your commentator asked that great and venerable mind, William Lyon Phelps, a routine question: "In all your years at Yale, what have you found more interesting—a fine scholastic paper read by a student, or a football game?" "Well," smiled

Phelps, "I'd rather hear the student speak—but I'll admit I never jumped up and broke my hat to bits when he finished."

When a certain Cabinet officer was asked if Ambassador Kennedy was now considered American or British, he retorted with, "Half and hawf."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Thousands stood around watching a commercial painter daubing away at a sign on a skyscraper. When they wouldn't disperse on a cop's order, the officer went up to talk to the sign painter. Told the artist to stop his work—that the crowd watching was blocking traffic. The painter balked, crying, "I refuse to stop! Do you realize that if I stopped now, I'd throw those thousands of people out of unemployment?"

"Crime will solve the unemployment situation. It appears that before long, half of America will be under indictment—and the other half on juries at three dollars a day."

LAWYER: Your Honor, my client was temporarily insane when he shot the man. JUDGE: Let's wait. If the victim is only temporarily dead, I'll release your client.

The peace optimists are like Mr. Pincus, who wasn't feeling so well. A friend suggested that he say all the time: "Every day in every way I'm getting better and better." So he did, with hope in his heart. A month later his friend asked, "How are you, Pincus?" "It's like this, mine friend," he said. "Every day in every way I'm feeling better and better—but at night it's absolutely phooey!"

Clancy, on a rainy day, was sitting on the hard wet curb. His moans attracted a passer-by who was a good Samaritan. Asked the reason for his travail, Clancy spoke his piece: "Me hardhearted English landlord threw me out of me home. I couldn't pay me rint and he evicted me!" "Cheer up, old man," comfortingly answered the passer-by. "I'm an employer. I'll give you a job and then you'll have money to pay this landlord your rent." "No, thank you," shot back Clancy. "I don't want the job. I'd rather have me grievance!"

NEXT STOP—SIBERIA

If they catch you telling this one in Moscow! A Soviet teacher said to a pupil, "When you look at your breakfast, say aloud, 'Thank God and Stalin.' At your lunch, say, 'Thank God and Stalin,' and the same at your supper, 'Thank God and Stalin.'" "But, teacher," asked the youth, "suppose Stalin dies?" "In that case, simply say, 'Thank God.'"

"When the winner is no better off than the loser, it's better to be the loser—he at least gets a little sympathy."

THE END

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

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See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

OUR "PROPHETIC SOUL" ON HITLER AND STALIN

CONCORD, N. H.—Did you notice that just as soon as the pact between Hitler and Stalin was announced there was a race of prophets to prove who was the first to forecast this epoch-making event?

Among them were the New York Times, which claimed that its Berlin correspondent, Otto Tolischus, wrote of the unholy coming combination as early as May 8, 1939, while Walter Winchell pointed with pride to his column of November 21, 1938, wherein he was the pioneer of this startling news.

Then our esteemed Satevepost blew trumpets and rang



bells on its General Krivitsky disclosures in the spring.

But then we heard the daddy of them all—Liberty. Fulton Oursler spoke over the radio. And I checked up.

The Princess Radziwill predicted the alliance of the two dictators in her articles, Will Stalin and Hitler Join Hands

to Rule the World? (July 30, 1938, Liberty) and Stalin Talks About Hitler (September 3, 1938, issue).

So Liberty was even ahead of Winchell by four months, and certainly gets the palm for long-range prognostication!

I'd like to quote from the Princess' July 30, 1938, article, if I may:

"The Joseph Stalin of today is no Bolshevik. He is a man who intends to abandon Communism in Russia. He is a man who plans to restore capitalism, set up a form of Fascism in the country of which he is dictator. He is a man who soon will publicly join hands in an amazing alliance with a leader commonly supposed to be his most bitter enemy—Adolf Hitler."

If that isn't calling the turn with an uncanny vision of the future!

No doubt these words were scoffed at in England and France. I recall that the Soviet Embassy in Washington, D. C., denounced the Princess Radziwill at the time as a fraud and liar, but now we know where that label belongs! However, Editor Oursler knew that a long time ago, too. I remember reading on his back page, "It is our impression that the greatest liars above hell are Communists."—Charles A. Mackay.

GLORIFYING SKINNY WOMEN

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial Glorifying Skinny Women (August 19 Liberty) was most interesting to me, since it echoed my own ideas in every respect. It is gratifying to have one of his popularity express himself so frankly in protest of the ruination of our women with their reducing mania. It is too bad other writers do not have the same courage as he to start an "editorial war" to stop this craze. It would be beneficial to humanity and our country as a whole.

Ask Mr. Macfadden why not pass up a few arguments on politics and devote more of his wonderful editorials to this purpose?—S. Paymar.

PROF. MOLAY'S WIND

WADLEY, GA. — Under the heading Reading Time • One Hour (September 2 Liberty) it is stated that Professor Molay left Frankfort, Kentucky, in a balloon, the wind

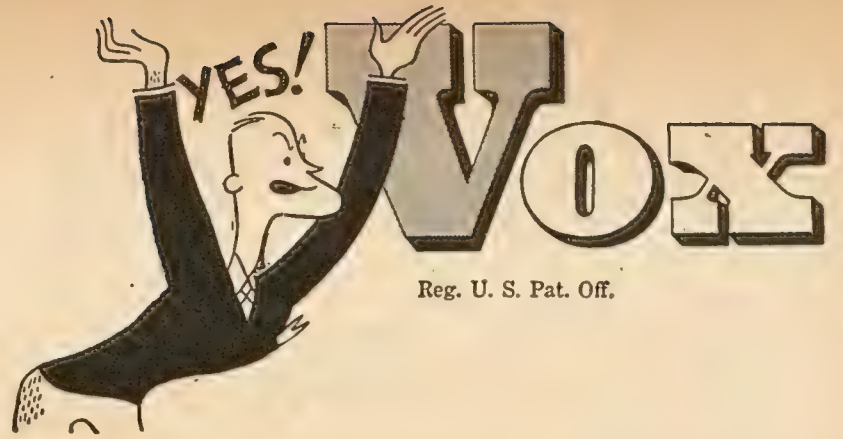
carried him in an almost due southeast direction for a number of hours, and he landed in Austin, Texas. How did he do it, brother?

Am I cockeyed, or did the professor carry a compass just one half as bad as Douglas Corrigan's? Or perhaps, when he was out over the Atlantic, a West Indies hurricane took a hand and carried him west to Austin.—Clem Wrenn.

[Dozens of our readers blew up on this slip of our mental compass and their hurricane carried us to a valley of humiliation where, as punishment, we repeated a hundred times: "Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Geogrammatic apologies to you all. —Vox Pop Editor.]

BELGIAN EXPLAINS CONGO

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM — Mr. C. M. Austin (June 24 Vox Pop) doesn't know very much about the Congo, otherwise he would know that 99 per cent of the stories about our Congo were pure invention—paid propaganda against the great work of King Leopold II.—F. T. Mignon.



HAVE YOU A WORN BLANKET?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We feel sure that any of your readers who has a worn blanket would be glad to give it to save a life. Dr. K. S. Lim, director of the Medical Relief Corps of the Chinese Red Cross, writes that thousands of wounded died last winter not of their wounds but from exposure to the cold. Conditions will be even worse this year, for at this very time it is no uncommon thing to have to carry an injured person on a stretcher for a week or two before arriving at a hospital; and there are no blankets with which to cover the victim.

China also needs sheets, towels, pillowcases, mattress protectors, and men's pajamas. These too need not be new. There is such a shortage of bedding in the hospitals that it is impossible to keep the sufferers clean or comfortable.

Any one wishing to donate any of the above-mentioned articles may send them to us parcel post collect; or if they live in Greater New York or its suburbs a postal to us will assure its collection. Address the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, Inc., 57 William Street, New York City.—Grace S. R. Hillyer.

GIVES US A 'TISN'T SO

NASHVILLE, TENN.—What's become of your 'Tisn't So feature? I liked it a lot. Why don't we swap facts of the kind in our own Vox Pop? Here's one of mine:

Washington did not throw a dollar, nor a stone, across the Potomac near Mount Vernon. The original story, in Weems' biography of Washington, was that Colonel Lewis Willis, playmate and kinsman of Washington, had been heard to say that he had seen Washington throw a stone across the Rappahannock, at the lower ferry of Fredericksburg (a distance of approximately 100 yards).

The Potomac near Mount Vernon is about one half mile wide, and so the turn this story frequently takes hardly seems possible of accomplishment.—Paul Bass.

FLORISTS COMPLAIN

CLEVELAND, OHIO—As chairman of the welfare committee for the Northeastern Ohio Florists' Association, I have had many complaints regarding the article, How to Win Sick Friends and Influence Them, by Ruth Waterbury (August 12 Liberty).

There are many thousands of good Americans who depend on the florist business for their living and conscientiously feel they are serving the public well. They do not like to read an article which calls thoughtful people who send flowers to hospitals



"dutiful but dumb." Other phrases in the article are very damaging to the florist business in the United States and Canada.—George L. Mercer.

VAUGHN NOT GOOD ENOUGH?

BOSTON, MASS.—Your prize-winning letter in the All-Star Baseball Team contest (August 12 Vox Pop) must have been hit by a line drive on the way to press. Somebody should get an error for omitting the name of the shortstop compared with Joe Cronin in the second paragraph.

Maybe the printer figured that Vaughn wasn't good enough to be mentioned with Joe Cronin.—Owen Flynn.



SIR JOHN SIMON PASSES THE BUCK TO US

VALHALLA, N. Y.—The following might interest your readers, as it has me and several friends in the State Department:

In the mind of reader A. J. Flockton of New York City, my article What Stalin Is Up To Now (August 19 Liberty) brought up the whole matter of the degree to which the United States and Britain should work together in the Orient and the accusation that Sir John Simon, British Foreign Minister, "let down" Colonel Henry Stimson, U. S. Secretary of State, when Stimson wanted joint action to check the Japanese in Manchuria. Reader Flockton sends me the following letter she has received recently from Sir John Simon's secretary, W. D. Reynolds. It is an attempt to pass the buck entirely to the United States which will certainly be challenged here.

"Sir John Simon [she writes] asks me to thank you for your letter of July 11th. Briefly put, the true facts about the Manchuria affair are these: In February, 1932, Mr. Stimson proposed that the United States, Great Britain and the other signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty, guaranteeing the integrity of China, should jointly protest against its infringement by Japan. In March, Sir John Simon, who was then Foreign Secretary, seconded the adoption of a resolution which declared that the League could not recognize any situation, treaty or agreement which might be brought about by means contrary to the Covenant, or the Pact of Paris.

"There is, therefore, not a word of truth in the assertion that WE REFUSED to join

the United States in restraining Japan. Actually, it was the *British Government* which took the leading part in *inducing the League Assembly to pass the resolution condemning aggression in Manchuria.*

"This was exactly what the American government wanted, and in a note to the Secretary General of the League, **THEY EXPRESSED THEIR ENTIRE SATISFACTION WITH THE ACTION THAT HAD BEEN TAKEN.**

"Yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. D. Reynolds"
(Italics and caps theirs.)

My reply to Miss Flockton is: that Sir John Simon rudely failed to reply to cablegram after cablegram sent by Mr. Stimson to him at London and Geneva in *September and October, 1931*, that he side-stepped the American State Department's request to protest in accordance with the terms of the Nine-Power Pact by passing the matter on to the League of Nations to die—a worked-to-death strategy of British fence straddlers of the time—and that unfortunate Britons in the Orient are now paying for this duplicity which Sir John's secretary ineffectually tries to cover.

Simon's Secretary Reynolds' disclaimer and placing of the blame for not checking Japan in Manchuria upon the United States is, I believe, the first attempt to weasel out of the charges brought against the British Foreign Office in this connection by Mr. Stimson in his book, and repeatedly by Senators Johnson, Borah, and others in Congress, and is therefore both startling and important.—*Upton Close.*

NO FISH, MR. STADE?

LEESBURG, FLA.—Ten Billions a Year for Fun, by Yankee Stade (August 19 Liberty), was very interesting reading. But why did he overlook the greatest of all

American sports, *fishing?*

I am sure that radio's fishing commentator, Bob Edge, will tell you that there are more participants, more money spent, in fishing than in any other American sport.—*Jim Bethea.*

IDEA FOR MR. MACFADDEN

EAST PASADENA, CALIF.—For a long time I have enjoyed Bernarr Macfadden's editorials in Liberty, but I do not recall his having written on coinage of money as per Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution, namely: "The Congress shall have power . . . to coin money, regulate the value thereof."

I believe he is the one to show up this subject.—*Martin Relyea.*

DEFINES MR. LEIBOWITZ

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why does Liberty call Samuel Leibowitz a criminal lawyer?

He is not a criminal lawyer.
He is a criminal *law* lawyer.
—*Eli Goldstine.*

COMRADE X IS NO JOKE AND NO LIAR!

MAUCH CHUNK, PA.—When I read July 29 Liberty, I knew that your Comrade X was a joke and a liar, but it was just one of those things not worth bothering about. Now I am going to tell you why he is too low a skunk to even mention.

Comrade X states that his life would be in danger if the party ever identified him.

Look on page 34 of July 29

Liberty: George, while on the way to a union meeting, was attacked. He had an arm and his jaw broken. He was taken to the hospital, where the doctor worked on him for an hour. Drilled the jaw bone and wired it together.

Comrade X held his head all of this time.

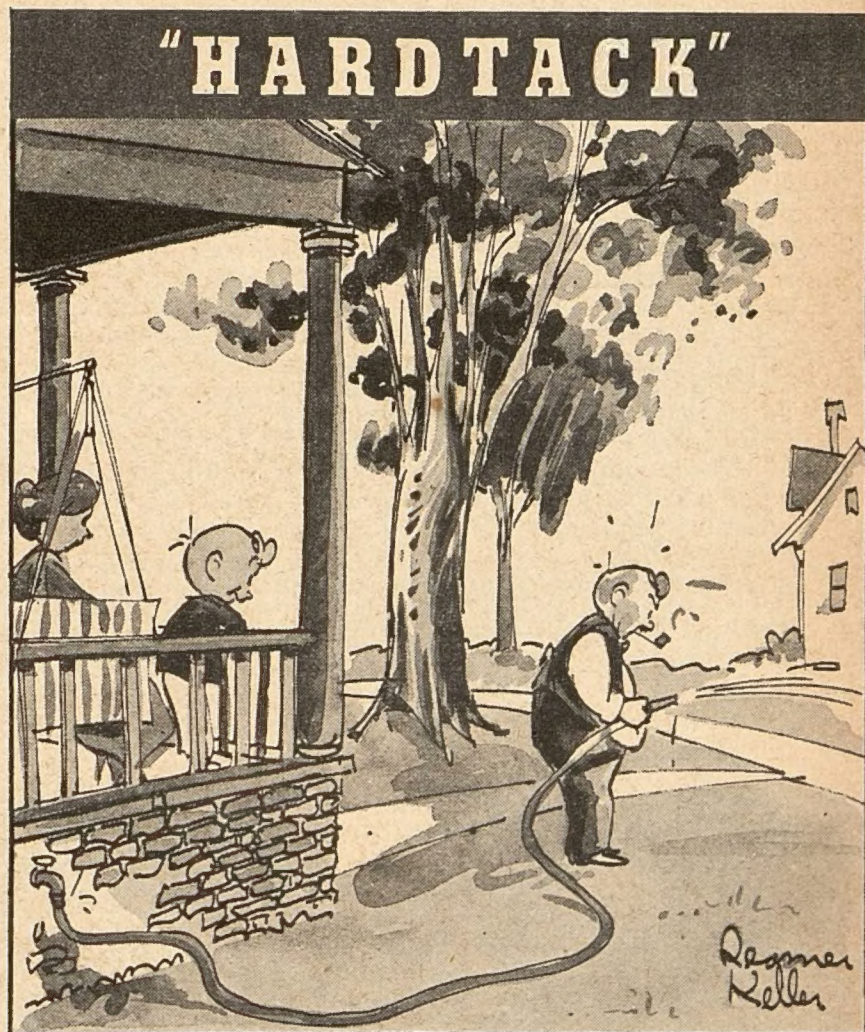
If this ever happened,



which I doubt, you may rest assured it never happened twice. So, to identify Comrade X, just find the man who held George's head in the hospital. You wouldn't have to call on Mr. Hoover, and Comrade X would now be in his grave.

This story has all the earmarks of dirty anonymous anti-Roosevelt and anti-Democratic propaganda.

I am not a Communist but an American World War vet. I have worked for Aubrey Williams, another veteran, and I can assure you he is no Communist.—*W. T. Bolinger.*



"Pop's mad at me, ma—I put my spinach on his plate an' he ate it!"

Now Starts The Struggle For Your Mind



FULTON OURSLER
© George Maillard Kessler

WITH ARMIES marching in Europe, a new struggle is about to begin in the United States—the war of propaganda to win you to one side or the other. Of course, this is not a new war. Since 1918 the fight has been going on with increasing vigor and greater skill, derived from the lessons of the World War propaganda. But all that has happened before is as a mere scrimmage compared to the major operations now under way. Both sides in the bitter European quarrel want the support of the United States. One side wants to pull us into the war; the other side wants to keep us out. That is not unlike the situation in 1917. Some months ago I was discussing the probabilities in this situation with former President Herbert Hoover at his suite in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Mr. Hoover then told me of his great interest in propaganda. During the years of the World War, when Mr. Hoover was in Belgium as Food Administrator, he undertook the collection of records dealing with this subject. As time passed, his collection became perhaps the most notable in the world—confidential records from the propaganda offices of all the major Powers, records showing just how Great Britain, France, and Germany tried to move our minds with deliberately concocted tales, some of which were distortions of the truth, others of which were plain damn lies. Eventually Mr. Hoover gave this collection to Leland Stanford University, where it is now housed in a magnificent building, also the gift of Mr. Hoover.

"Isn't it true," I asked the former President, "that, if war comes again, foreign countries will be trying the same old game to poison our minds for their own benefit?"

Mr. Hoover smiled grimly. "They are already at it," he said. "They are actually duplicating some of the old stuff word for word."

That seemed to me to promise a good story. I suggested to Mr. Hoover that perhaps he would be willing to have a writer for Liberty make a survey of this great collection. He promptly acquiesced. Will Irwin, veteran writer and World War authority on propaganda, was given the assignment and left promptly for San Francisco. Next week you may read the first of a startling series of articles to be called How Foreign Nations Poison Our Minds.

In addition, there will be a number of other exceptionally interesting features. We particularly recommend The Communists Offered Me Free Love, an amazing revelation by a college student; Pigskin Prophecies, Norman Sper's predictions for the football season; Are the Movies Killing the Theater? by George

Middleton; Scourges of the South, more facts from the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, by Frederick L. Collins; and two excellent short stories—Ed Has His Mind Improved, by Walter Brooks, and Special Delivery, by Elliot Chess. You will want to read, too, the generous installments of the current serials, The Shadow of the Master, Dangerous Impulse, and Newspaperman, Eddie Doherty's moving autobiography.

SENATOR FOOTLOOSE STUBS HIS TOE: Some weeks ago we published in this page a message from our unidentified Washington soothsayer who calls himself "Senator Footloose." The scoundrel purported to quote Senator Bennett Champ Clark about Roosevelt, the third term, and the Missouri delegation. Senator Clark now informs us that he never said anything of the kind, never had any such conversation with any one. "The notice appearing in your magazine and attributed . . . to a fictitious and anonymous 'Senator Footloose' is a lie out of the whole cloth." For this misquotation by Senator Footloose we are indeed sorry; it was published in all good faith. The "Senator" is not a fictitious person; he exists and is one of the best informed men in Washington. We can only regret that his usual high standard of accuracy was so absent in the item about which Senator Clark complains.

CHATTER BY THE WAY:

Harry Young, who conducts a department in the Alameda Times-Star in California, recently told his readers about a little girl with great musical talent, whose parents could not afford to buy her a piano. As a result, he received and delivered four pianos, all to children who wanted them more than tickets to a circus. It seems to me there's a hint to columnists in other newspapers.

HERE'S SOMETHING

that we are glad to contemplate in view of the present European situation: In the issue of December 3, 1938, Liberty published for the first time anywhere a description of our unco-ordinated counter-espionage agencies in an article called Spies on Your Doorstep. The Army had one, the Navy had one, the F. B. I. in the Department of Justice had one, the State Department ditto, the Secret Service of the Treasury did some work on it. No clearinghouse, no directing head; each went its own sweet way. Washington correspondents began to ask the President how come? at his press conference. He had no comment the first couple of weeks. Early in January he announced that co-ordination of the anti-espionage units was under way. On May 10 Attorney General Murphy revealed in a press conference that all counter-espionage activities had been centralized under his authority for more than a month, each unit still working independently but reporting to him, so each other unit could find out instantly what the others were

doing, what they had learned, what they were hunting for. The F. B. I. had a special counter-espionage section organized to work as the catalyst. We are proud of Liberty's influence in this important work.

AFTER LISTENING

to Hitler's final frenzied message to the Reichstag, I remembered what a teacher of oratory once told me long ago: "The best eloquence in oratory is to tell the truth about something."



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY R. J. CAVALIERE

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